Charlotte Fairchild

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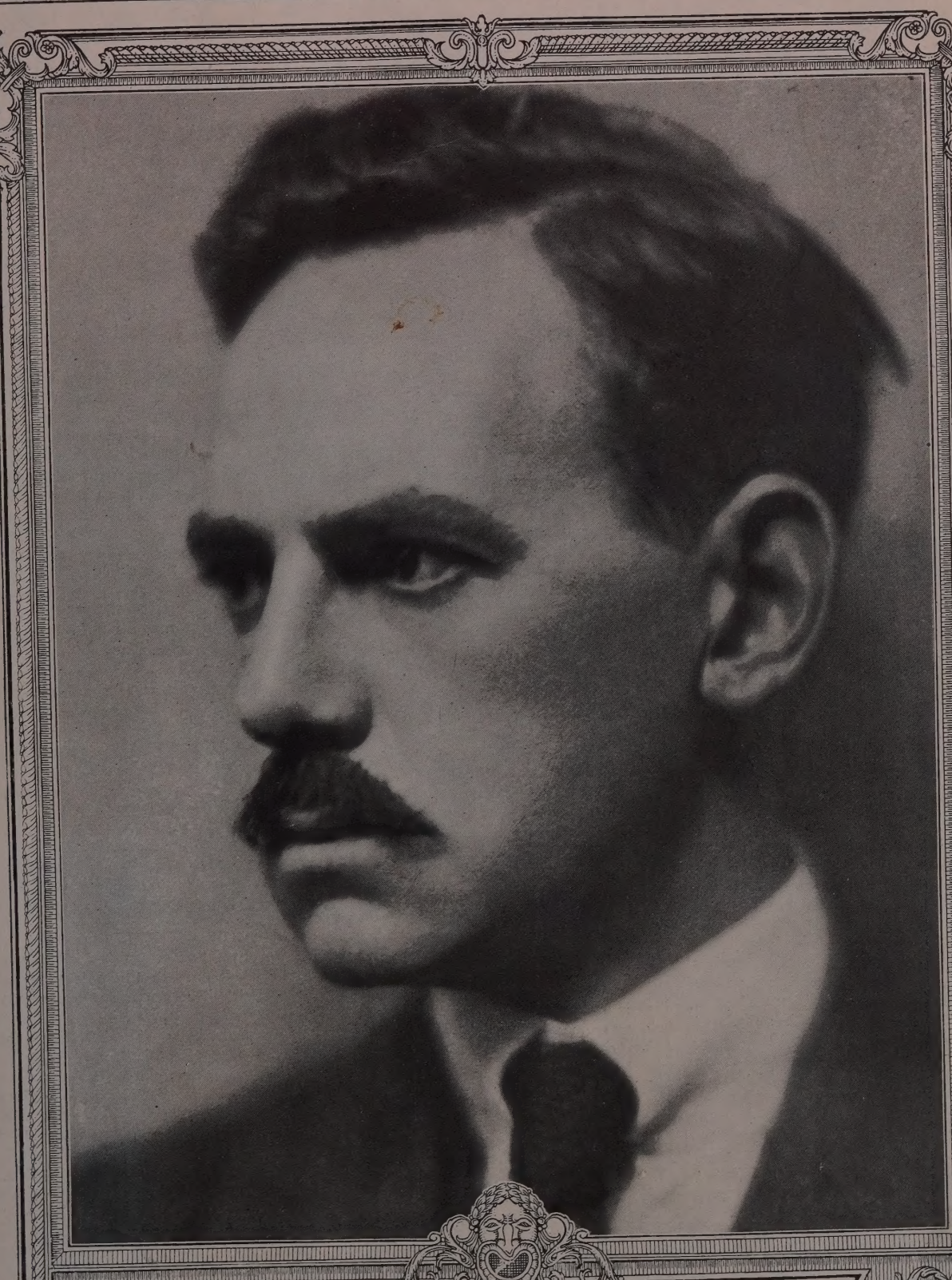


Nickolas Muray

EUGENE G. O'NEILL

Son of James O'Neill, the actor, and formerly a seaman before the mast, this American playwright has recently attracted wide attention by the vigor and literary finish of such plays as "Beyond the Horizon," "Gold," etc.

WHAT IS THE ACTORS' EQUITY?

Players have problems like everyone else, and this organization tries to solve them

By RICHARD SAVAGE

WHAT is the Actors' Equity Association?

When, where, how and why was it formed? What are its advantages to the profession? Its disadvantages? Is it a labor organization? Is it a menace to Art? Why do such stars of the profession as George Arliss, Ethel Barrymore, and John Drew belong to it, while other stars like Mrs. Fiske and Henry Miller, for example, are inimical to it?

JOHN EMERSON

President of the Actors' Equity Association

These are questions which the uninitiated, the laymen, the general public, have been asking ever since they first began to hear about the Actors' Equity Association. From time to time, particularly during the strike of 1919, the newspapers have carried articles about this unique Thespians' organization, but through the war smoke which hung over the two hostile camps—that of the Actors' Equity Association, and its opponent, the Fidelity League, termed by the Equity the managers' organization—the general public has never had a clear conception of it, nor understood exactly what it was all about.

THAT actors, members of the great, bright, make-believe world, which represents to the public merely entertainment, amusement, a good time, have prosaic problems concerned with their work just as other workmen have—such as poor or inadequate pay, long hours, unpaid overtime, stoppage of salary without cause or due notice, being stranded thousands of miles from home without railroad fare back, insanitary working conditions in connection with dark, unclean, badly ventilated dressing rooms—occurs to few outside the theatre. But they have them, and they rebel against them, and they fight for their rights just as do other workmen whether in or out of a profession, and the result of it all is that they band together for self-protection.

No man is in a better position to outline the aims and objects, and trace the entire history of the Actors' Equity Association, from its birth in 1913 to the present day, when it numbers 16,000 members, including the chorus, than Frank Gillmore, its Executive-secretary. He does this in such a lucid fashion, casting aside all technicalities, and professional parlance, which usually confuses the layman, that it is well to let him take the spotlight and do all the talking.

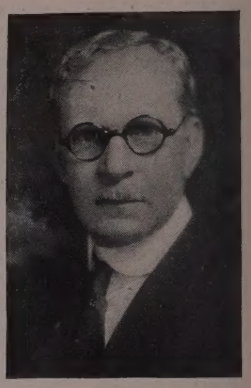
But before he starts, take time to read the Association's slogan, a quotation from Marcus Aurelius, which sounds the keynote of its being: "Love the art, poor as it may be, which thou hast learned, and be content with it; making thyself neither the tyrant nor the slave of any man." That quotation pretty well explains why the Actors' Equity Association came into being—in order that its members need not be the slaves of any one, and refutes the charge that it would tyrannize over any other group.

UP to within the last few years," said Mr. Gillmore, "managers were in close touch with their actors. Few had more than one company to manage. Actors in those days rarely had contracts. But there were certain customs—ethics which were recognized by both actor and manager. Actors were engaged for certain fixed rôles, there was a fixed season, a certain number of rehearsals, everything was more or less standardized. When an actor was engaged it was usually for a year, at a set income. He did not need to travel, and so his expenses were moderate. Actors rehearsed free for one week only. All went well.

"Then travel between the different cities became simplified, and the system of traveling stars commenced, which ultimately destroyed stock companies. With the traveling companies came a new type of manager, the 'financial man.' In order to be super-successful, and to have fifteen or twenty companies in as many theatres, he had to be extremely keen and shrewd in a business way. He was a comparative stranger to the profession, he did not understand its fine traditions, and if he did understand them he refused to recognize them. He could see no reason why, if he desired actors to give four or five weeks of free rehearsals, they should not do it, or, the play proving a failure, why he should not immediately call it in, and throw the company out of employment without the customary two weeks' notice, or leave them stranded somewhere thousands of miles from home. The result was that, sometimes, after actors had given four or five weeks' of free rehearsals, and after working only about ten days with pay, the play would be called in, and they were out.

THE matinée question was another problem. The managers believed that actors should be willing to give two or three matinées a week, and holidays, without pay. Worse still, during dull periods, such as weeks before Christmas, Holy Week and Election Week, some managers would cut the actors pay in half. Actresses were forced to buy their own dresses. Plays were closed without a minute's notice to the cast. Actors found they could get no satisfaction from managers even in extreme cases of breaking of contracts, and suing was not feasible, as an actor could not stay in one city long enough for legal tape to unwind.

"Naturally, before long, the actor came to realize that he was getting a raw deal. So, in the early part of 1913, a number of actors got together to form an organization which would protect their interests, and force managers to observe certain ethics, agreeing at the same time, that its members in turn would not be allowed to do anything reprehensible such as 'jumping a contract,' getting engagements under false pretenses, and the like. It would be an organization, they decided which would be a fifty-fifty proposition—fair to the actor, fair to the fair manager.



FRANK GILLMORE

Executive-secretary of the Actors' Equity

"On May 26, 1913, in Pabst Hall, on Columbus Circle, a meeting was held, and the Actors' Equity Association was formed. The original officers were: Francis Wilson, President; Bruce McRae, Vice-President; Grant Stewart, Recording Secretary. There were about 500 members in the beginning. We continued recruiting members, but it was not until 1917, that, after endeavoring to get some standard form of contract from the managers, that tthe United Managers' Protective Association, agreed to meet us and draw up a contract. In the Fall we had agreed upon a form of contract acceptable to both sides, and we celebrated the event by a big dinner at the Hotel Astor.

BUT we soon learned that only one-fifth of the managers were using the standard contract, and though some used it they did not always abide by all of its provisions. In the Spring of 1919, a new managerial association started, called the Producing Managers' Association. It held a meeting with the Equity, and we then decided that eight performances a week should be the maximum given, and for all performances above that, actors were to be paid extra. The members of the Producing Managers' Association flew into a rage at this, and disavowed the Equity, and repudiated the old contract called the 'U. M. P. A.—A. E. A.' They drew up what they termed an independent contract. Our Association issued an edict forbidding members to accept this contract. Then the managers started a progressive lockout against our members who refused their contract.

"At this critical period, we realized that something drastic must be done, and we joined the American Federation of Labor. This action on our part was criticised on the ground that actors are artists, not day laborers. But that is only a half truth. The actor follows an art—true. But he labors, nevertheless, just as the physician, the lawyer, the editor, the financier labors. What about the musicians?

Mary Hampton as Sarah Ferguson, Angela McCahill as Hannah, and Augustin Duncan, a familiar figure, as the pious John Ferguson, in the Theatre Guild's revival of Ervine's gripping drama, "John Ferguson," the play in which they first struck gold—both financially and artistically. The recent brief revival, although with a somewhat altered cast, seems to be the first step towards the establishment by the Guild of a permanent repertoire of modern plays

Ira D. Schwarz

Scene in the first act of "The Playboy of the Western World" as given at the Bramhall Playhouse. Pegeen and the men of the town listen with enthusiasm to the Playboy's tale of killing his father

Thomas Mitchell, a distinguished young player, who has recently been added to Mr. Belasco's roster, as Christopher Mahon, the Playboy of Synge's satirical comedy

TWO NOTABLE IRISH PLAYS HAVE BRIEF REVIVALS

Are they not artists? They have been affiliated with the American Federation of Labor for years and no manager has quarreled with them on that account. However, the fact that we affiliated with labor angered the managers still more, and the lock-out continued. We soon realized that if it continued we should be put out of business, so we decided to strike in order to put into force a fair equitable contract.

IN AUGUST, 1919, we closed twelve New York theatres. Stage hands and musicians joined us in sympathy. While the strike was primarily instituted in order to put into use a fair contract, it was also brought on as a result of an accumulation of wrongs. Soon all the theatres of New York, which came under our jurisdiction, were closed. The same thing happened in Chicago and then in Boston. We gave big benefit entertainments in New York and throughout the country. At the end of four weeks the managers asked for a conference, though the Equity had constantly been seeking arbitration. We held the conference at the Hotel St. Regis, a new contract was made, and a treaty entered into for five years, giving assurances that the actors would not ask for further concessions in that time.

"At the time we started the strike we had about 3,000 members, and a treasury of about $13,000, and at the end of it we numbered 6,000 members, and had $100,000 in our treasury. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, announced that it was the greatest victory labor had ever won."

Now enters the question of the "Equity Shop," which is an outstanding topic for discussion in theatreland for the season of 1921-1922. Mr. Gillmore describes it thus:

AS the months went by, and memories of the strike faded, many of our members grew indifferent. Also, many of them resented the fact that they had standardized the conditions for all actors, and that even those who were not members of the Equity and who had not fought for their rights, were reaping the harvest sown by Equity members who had given their labor and their money to the cause. We learned that terrible abuses still existed throughout the country. For instance, during the last year, twenty companies have been stranded miles from New York. 'The Little Whopper' company was stranded in San Francisco, three thousand miles from home. We had to bring all the members back East. There were so many individual and group claims to be adjusted, that we realized we should have to do somethhing to stop irresponsible managers from continuing their unjust practices. So, in order to preserve intact our Association, and to prevent these further abuses, we put through a recommendation that the Equity Shop be put into effect.

"This means that no Equity member will accept an engagement in a company which is not 100 per cent. Equity. We did not try to steam-roller this resolution through, but allowed six months to elapse for our members to think the matter over. In February of this year, our members voted for the Equity Shop thirty to one. They were all eager to do away with the bogus manager, and his exploitation. Equity Shop is in effect the season of 1921-22, and thereafter, except in companies controlled by members of the Producing Managers' Association, since an agreement with them does not expire until June 1st, 1924. And that's the way the matter stands today."

THEN Mr. Gillmore answered some of the questions, in turn, which the layman would like answered:

"Why do some of our well-known stars stay out of an organization which numbers among its members such men and women as George Arliss, Frank Bacon, John Emerson, Elsie Ferguson, Laurette Taylor, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, Nazimova, Blanche Ring, O. P. Heggie, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Francis Wilson, Bruce McRae, Arthur Byron, Robert Edeson, William Lackaye, and scores of other illustrious ones? I can only say that they are closely allied with the managerial interests. Of course, some of them really do feel loyalty toward the managers, particularly towards those who made them stars.

"As to the advantages which the Equity offers to its members, they are many. Equity solves all problems for its members, institutes law-suits for them, or advises against them, as the case may be; it secures for them an observance of their contracts. We attempt to secure legislation for the actor, asking for better and more sanitary dressing rooms; (many actors throughout the country are forced to dress in dark, unclean cellars, some of them without lights of any kind); we try to get managers to put up bonds so that they will not strand companies far from home; we are trying right now to get a tariff on foreign films, for the motion picture people of our country, so that producing companies like Fox, Selznick and others, will not be forced to go abroad, thus throwing thousands out of employment over here. We send representatives through the country as adjusters, and when a play is wobbly they help put it on its feet, watch the box office results, advise members of the cast, and the managers, and generally set things straight.

ANY one can join the Actors' Equity Association, who has an engagement to play on the speaking stage, whether he has had experience or not. The dues are twelve dollars a year. Managerial charges that Equity Shop would check the development of young talent are absolutely false. We are going to make it easier for young people to go upon the stage by protecting their interests from the very start. No one can be excluded for lack of experience under our by-laws; we welcome everyone to our organization, and the youngest, newest recruit is entitled to the same protection as the biggest star or the oldest member.

"While the Actors' Equity Association is primarily an economic institution, it does not forget that it is a body of artists, and that after it solves its economic problems, it will work only for the glory of the theatre. Restoration of the self-respect of the actor, and his sense of obligation to his manager and to his profession, is bound ultimately to give him a better outlook on life, and to make him a better artist.

"My answer to those critics who charge that labor organizations are interested only in the material and not the artistic side of life, is Equity Festival Week, which will be held in New York beginning next year and annually thereafter. More than 1,000 actors and actresses will take part in eight performances, covering the entire cycle of dramatic art. This festival of the theatre, it is hoped, will make New York the center of dramatic activities of the world and inspire pilgrimages from every part of this country and Europe. The Festival Week will include three plays of Shakespeare's, and the other performances will include the best plays of all the world's history and all of its nations—Molière, Calderon, Racine, Barrie, Aristophanes, Beaumont and Fletcher, Rostand, Sheridan, Pinero, Marlowe and the like. There will also be one great musical comedy, one performance of dancing and pantomimic art, and one splendid photoplay. Equity Festival will be held for the first time, early in June of next year."

The present officers of the Equity Association are:

John Emerson, President; Ethel Barrymore, First Vice-President; Frank Bacon, Second Vice-President; Grant Stewart, Recording-secretary; Paul N. Turner, Counsel, and Frank Gillmore, Executive-secretary and Treasurer.

OPENING NIGHT

Looks like a smashing success."
. . . . . .
"What did you say was her name?"
"My! what a terrible dress!
Some of these girls have no shame."

"What did you say was her name?"
Who's that there—coming in now?"
"Some of these girls have no shame . . .
Heavens! You think that I'd bow?"

"Who's that there—coming in now?
"Where does she get all those pearls?
Heavens! You think that *I'd* bow?"
"Look at those queer looking girls!"

Where does she get all those pearls?
. . . That's not her husband? I see."
"Look at those queer looking girls!"
"Who can that gentleman be?"

"That's not her husband? . . . I *see!*
Oh! Is she married again?
Who *can* that gentleman be?"
"*I* think she's frightfully plain."

"Oh! *Is* she married again?
My! what a terrible dress!
I think she's *frightfully* plain!"
. . . . . .
"Looks like a smashing success!"

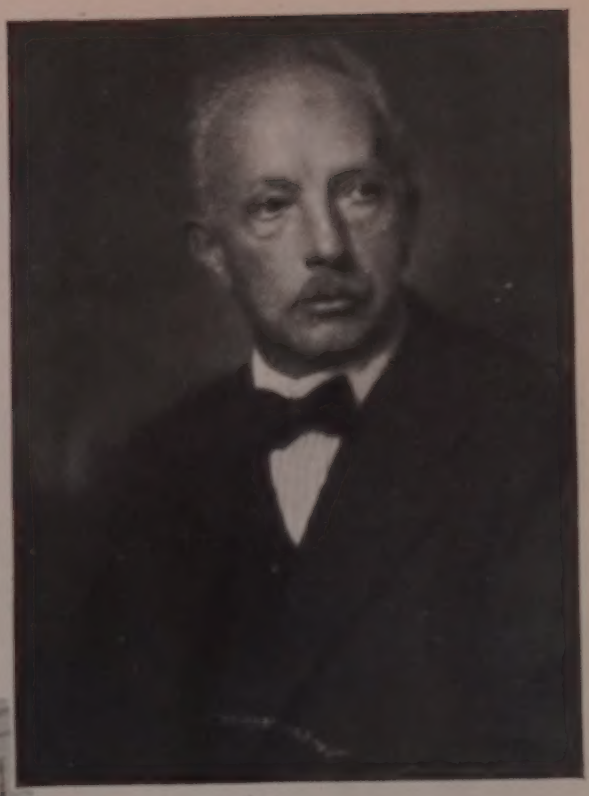
ROBERT A. SIMON

MME. ELLY NEY

A pianist still unknown in America, but who has won considerable fame throughout Europe, is this young kinswoman of Marshal Ney. Leading critics rank her with Teresa Carreno, and hail her as one of the greatest interpreters of the music of Brahms. She will visit America next season for the first time

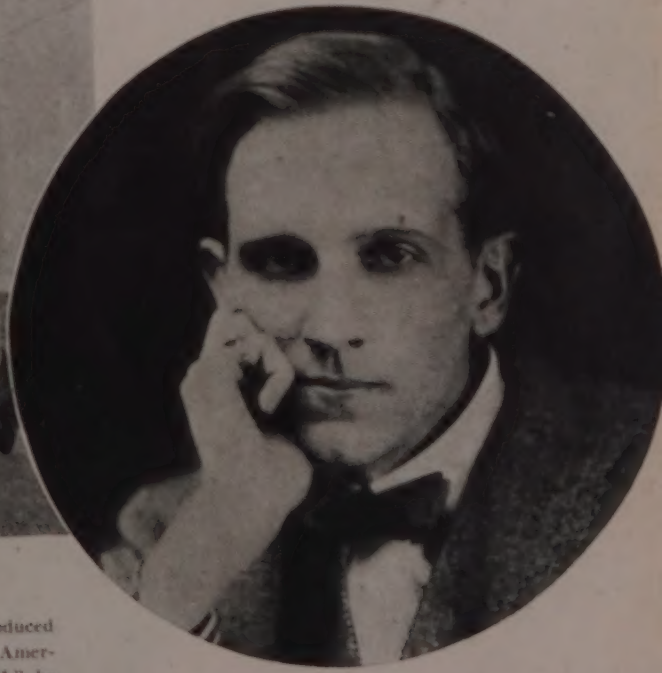
W. S. HART AND MARY GARDEN

King of the cowpunchers and queen of the operatic stage meet in Los Angeles. The singer, as may be seen by her beatific smile, is proud to be snapped with her favorite movie star



RICHARD STRAUSS

Next Fall, Richard Strauss, the musical giant of our age, will visit America for the first time since 1904. He will conduct three orchestral concerts at the Metropolitan, and give a series of "Strauss evenings" with a distinguished singer. It is rumored that he will also make his American début as an operatic conductor, directing "Salome" in Chicago and "Der Rosenkavalier" in New York



A. A. MILNE

The author of "Mr. Pim Passes By," produced by the Theatre Guild, is not a stranger to American readers. As the delightful "A. A. M." he contributed largely to *Punch* while its editor and is the author of a collection of essays

CELEBRITIES IN DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL WORLDS

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

(Top oval)

HORTENSE ALDEN

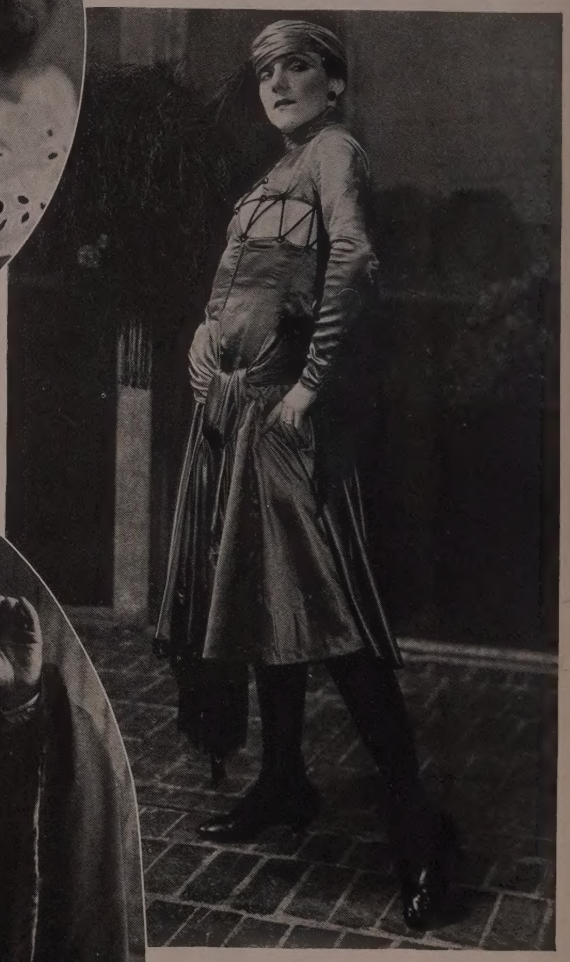
The Theatre Guild did not actually discover Hortense Alden, but they were the first to give her a part that tested her ability as an actress. In the rôle of Marie in "Liliom" she is showing that one can do a character part with skill

Daguerre

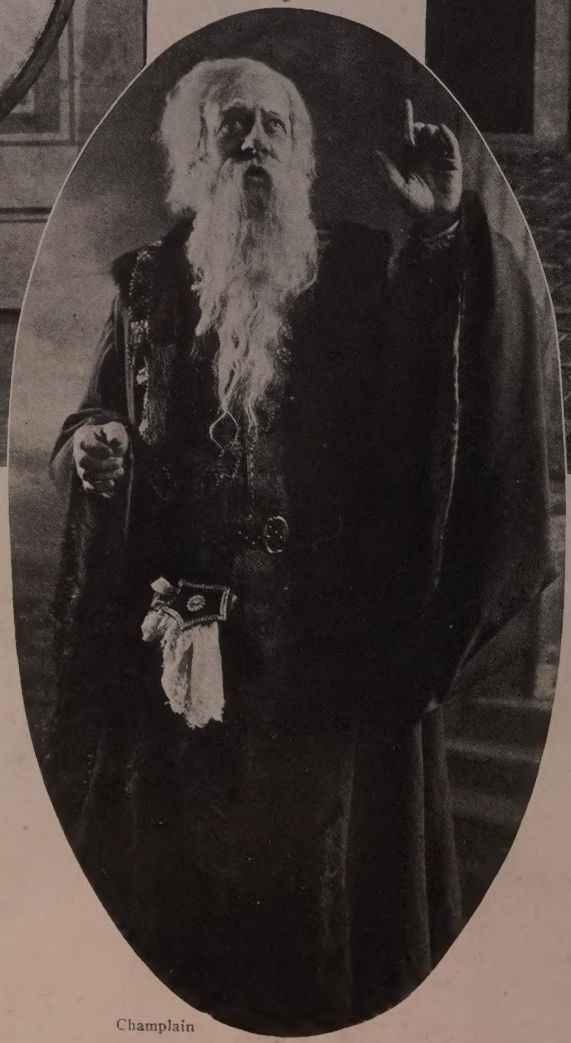
BERTEE BEAUMONTE

The queen of comic vamps, who walked off with a goodly share of honors in "June Love," has climbed up from the chorus. She left her home in Memphis to join the chorus of "The Spring Chicken." Then she was on the variety stage

Schwarz



White



Champlain

JAMES BARTON

The comedian whose mirth provoking antics in "The Last Waltz" have caused even the most blasé of Metropolitan critics to compare him to Fred Stone, has been on the stage for twenty-four years. He has been seen on Broadway once before in "The Passing Show of 1919"—if one excepts a brief effulgence in the Equity shows during strike days

(Left)

ALLEN THOMAS

Contrary to the too usual practice of Shakespearean stars, Walter Hampden has surrounded himself with a company of excellent actors, of whom one of the best is Allen Thomas. During his fifty years on the American stage this sterling actor has supported almost all of our leading stars including Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Adelaide Nielsen, Helen Modjeska

Camera Study by Maurice Goldberg

Summer

Fairchild

ESTELLE WINWOOD

The young actress who has recently added to her dramatic stature by her excellent work as the worshipping wife in Porto-Riche's play, "The Tyranny of Love" will have a part in the all star production of "The Circle" which opens at the Selwyn Theatre early in September

Schwarz

LAURA WALKER

This emotional actress who first came into prominence as the misguided heroine of "Those Who Walk in Darkness" and afterwards played Mary Nash's rôle in "The Man Who Came Back," will be seen next fall in the leading rôle of a new play. She was recently seen as Portia in a series of Shakespeare matinees

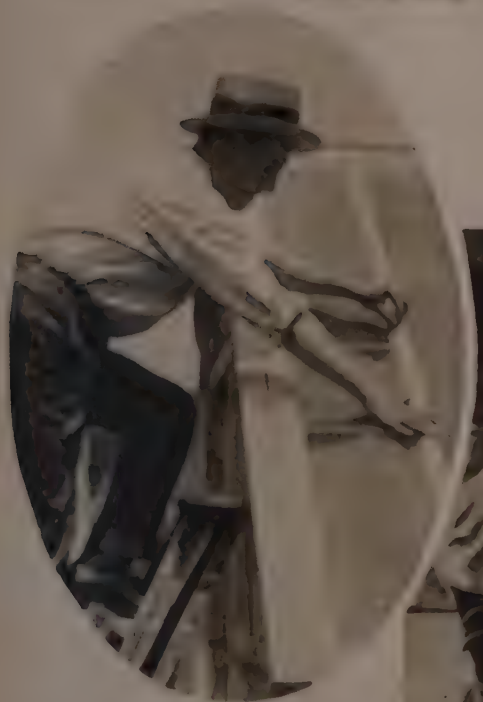
POPULAR PLAYERS FOR FALL PRODUCTIONS

EDMUND BREESE

Plowing time in Connecticut. The apple trees burst into bloom and orioles flash across the meadows while a New England farmer, Edmund Breese, of "Lion and the Mouse" fame, pushes the plow across his fields at South Norwalk

LEO CARILLO

What becomes of the cure of the white lights when there is danger of bugs in the potatoes? Leo Carillo thinks, however, that by the end of August he will be able to prove the potatoes and other equally absorbing things on his farm at Amityville, Long Island, to take a part in a new play, "The Love Chef," which is being especially written for him



LEO DITRICHSTEIN

The "Great Lover" is also an expert carpenter. Between flings in "Toto" he fills the post of general handy-man at "The Barn," his farm at Stamford, Connecticut, where he and the adoring Mrs. Ditrichstein live blissfully in a remodelled carriage house

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

What is more idyllic than feeding pigs? Raymond Hitchcock has fled to his farm at Great Neck, where he practices husbandry

BACK TO THE LAND IN EARNEST

"THE GREEN GODDESS"

Play in four acts by William Archer

IN his book, "Playmaking," a treatise dealing with the technical difficulties of the dramatist's craft, William Archer, the well-known London critic, declared he could not write a play to save his life. The fact that this melodrama, first produced at the Booth Theatre on January 18 last, is still running to crowded houses, once more bears out the truism that we don't know what we can do till we try. The following excerpts from this piece are given here by special permission of Alfred A. Knopf, publisher of the printed play.

Copyright 1921 by William Archer

THE scene is laid in India, in a wild inaccessible region beyond the Himalayas, where the Raja of Rukh, a bitter foe of the English, holds absolute sway. While Major Crespin, of the Indian army, is flying over the Raja's country with his wife, Lucilla, and a friend, Dr. Traherne, trouble develops in the engine and they are forced to descend, their aeroplane being a total wreck on the jagged rocks. The Raja, accompanied by his fanatical followers, hurries to their assistance.

CRESPIN: I hope, sir, that we shall find no difficulty in obtaining transport back to civ— to India.

RAJA: To civilization, you were going to say. Why hesitate, my dear sir? We know very well that we are barbarians. We are quite reconciled to the fact. We have had some five thousand years to accustom ourselves to it. This sword is a barbarous weapon compared with your revolver; but it was worn by my ancestors when yours were daubing themselves blue and picking up a precarious livelihood in the woods. (*Breaking off hastily to prevent any reply*). But Madame is standing all this time. Watkins, what are you thinking of? Some cushions. (*Watkins piles cushions from the litter to form a seat for Lucilla*). Another litter for Madame and mountain chairs for the gentlemen will be here in a few minutes. Then I hope you will accept the hospitality of my poor house.

LUCILLA: We are giving a great deal of trouble, Your Highness.

RAJA: A great deal of pleasure, Madame.

CRESPIN: But I hope, sir, there will be no difficulty about transport back to India.

RAJA: Time enough to talk of that, Major, when you have rested and recuperated after your adventure. You will do me the honor of dining with me this evening? I trust you will not find us altogether uncivilized.

LUCILLA: Your Highness will have to excuse the barbarism of our attire. We have nothing to wear but what we stand up in.

RAJA: Oh, I think we can put that all right. Watkins!

WATKINS: Your 'Ighness!

RAJA: You are in the confidence of our Mistress of the Robes. How does the wardrobe stand?

WATKINS: A fresh consignment of Paris models came in only last week, Your 'Ighness.

RAJA: Good! Then I hope, Madame, that you may find among them some rag that you will deign to wear.

LUCILLA: Paris models, Your Highness! And you talk of being uncivilized.

RAJA: We do what we can, Madame. I sometimes have the pleasure of entertaining European ladies—though not, hitherto, Englishwomen—in my solitudes; and I like to mitigate the terrors of exile for them. Then, as for civilization, you know, I have always at my elbow one of its most finished products. Watkins!

WATKINS: Your 'Ighness!

RAJA: You will recognize in Watkins, gentlemen, another representative of the Ruling Race. I assure you he rules me with an iron hand—not always in a velvet glove. Eh, Watkins?

WATKINS: Your 'Ighness will 'ave your joke.

RAJA: He is my Prime Minister and all my Cabinet—but more particularly my Lord Chamberlain. No one can touch him at mixing a cocktail or making a salad. My entire household trembles at his nod; even my *chef* quails before him. Nothing comes amiss to him; for he is, like myself, a man without prejudices. You may be surprised at my praising him to his face in this fashion; you may foresee some danger of —what shall I say? swelled head. But I know my Watkins; there is not the slightest risk of his outgrowing that modest bowler. He knows his value to me, and he knows that he would never be equally appreciated elsewhere. I have guarantees for his fidelity—eh, Watkins?

Abbé

George Arliss as the Raja of Rukh

WATKINS: I know when I'm well off, if that's what Your 'Ighness means.

RAJA: I mean a little more than that—but no matter. I have sometimes thought of instituting a peerage, in order that I might raise Watkins to it. But I mustn't let my admiration for British institutions carry me too far. Those scoundrels of bearers are taking a long time, Watkins.

WATKINS: The lady's litter 'ad to 'ave fresh curtains, Your 'Ighness. They won't be a minute, now.

The Raja has no love for his British guests. His three brothers, political agitators, have been condemned to die by the Indian government. Crespin has cautiously destroyed, in a newspaper his party carried, a paragraph telling of their coming execution. But the mutilated newspaper does not escape the Raja's eagle eye. As Lucilla rises, the paper falls to the ground. The Raja picks it up and looks at it.

RAJA: Forgive me, Madame. A newspaper, only two days old. This is such a rarity you must allow me to glance at it. Ah, the telegraphic news gone! What a pity! In my seclusion, I hunger for tidings from the civilized world. (*The Priest comes forward and speaks to him eagerly*). You burned this column?

TRAHERNE: Unfortunately, I did.

RAJA: Ah! (*Pause*). I know your motive, Dr. Traherne, and I appreciate it. You destroyed it out of consideration for my feelings, wishing to spare me a painful piece of intelligence. That was very thoughtful—but quite unnecessary. I already know what you tried to conceal.

CRESPIN: You know—

TRAHERNE: Your Highness knows—

RAJA: I know that three of my subjects, accused of a political crime, have been sentenced to death.

TRAHERNE: How is it possible?

RAJA: Bad news flies fast, Dr. Traherne But one thing you can perhaps tell me—is there any chance of their sentences being remitted?

TRAHERNE: I am afraid not, Your Highness.

CRESPIN: Remitted? I should rather say not. It was a cold-blooded, unprovoked murder.

RAJA: Unprovoked, you think? Well, I

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MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Those who have regretted the absence of this charming star from New York during the past season are looking forward with pleasant anticipation to her return to Broadway early in the fall in the leading rôle of "Daddy Goes A-Hunting," a new play by Zoe Akins

won't argue that point. And the execution is to be—?

TRAHERNE: I think tomorrow—or the day after.

RAJA: Tomorrow or the day after—yes. Forgive me, Madame—I have kept you waiting.

TRAHERNE: Does your Highness know anything of these men?

RAJA: (*Handing Lucilla into the litter*). Know them? Oh, yes—they are my brothers.

The party is then taken in chairs to the Palace, where they are received as distinguished guests. After dining sumptuously with the Raja, who delights in showing off his European culture, the English visitors anxiously reopen the question of transport to India. The Raja reminds them of the approaching execution, hinting that he has no love for the British.

CRESPIN: Then the less we intrude on your hospitality, the better. If you will be good enough to furnish us with transport tomorrow morning—

RAJA: That is just where the difficulty arises.

CRESPIN: No transport, hey?

RAJA: Materially it might be managed; but morally I fear it is—excuse the colloquialism, Madame—no go.

CRESPIN: What the devil do you mean, sir—?

LUCILLA: Will your Highness be good enough to explain?

RAJA: I mentioned that the religion of my people is a primitive superstition? Well, since the news has spread that three Feringhis have dropped from the skies precisely at the time when three princes of the royal house are threatened with death at the hands of the Feringhi government—and dropped, moreover, in the precincts of a temple—my subjects have got it into their heads that you have been personally conducted hither by the Goddess whom they especially worship.

CRESPIN: Then the upshot of all this palaver is that you propose to hold us as hostages to exchange for your brothers?

RAJA: That is not precisely the idea, my dear sir. My theologians do not hold that an exchange is what the Goddess decrees. Nor, to be quite frank, would it altogether suit my book.

LUCILLA: Not to get your brothers back again?

RAJA: You may have noted in history, Madame, that family affection is seldom the strong point of Princes. Is it not Pope who remarks on their lack of enthusiasm for "a brother near the throne?" My sons are mere children, and were I to die—we are all mortal—there might be trouble about the succession. In our family, uncles seldom love nephews.

LUCILLA: So you would raise no finger to save your brothers?

RAJA: That is not my only reason. Supposing it possible that I could bully the Government of India into giving up my relatives, do you think it would sit calmly down under the humiliation? No, no, dear lady. It might wait a few years to find some decent pretext, but assuredly we should have a punitive expedition. It would cost thousands of lives and millions of money, but what would that matter? Prestige would be restored, and I should end my days in a maisonette in Petrograd. It wouldn't suit me at all. Hitherto I have escaped the notice of your Government by a policy of masterly inactivity, and I propose to adhere to that policy.

LUCILLA: You are torturing us, Your Highness. Like my husband, I beg you to come to the point.

RAJA: The point, dear lady, is that the theology on which, as I say, my whole power is founded, has not yet emerged from the Mosaic stage of development; it demands an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth—(*A long pause*)—a life for a life—

TRAHERNE: You mean to say—

RAJA: Unfortunately, I do.

LUCILLA: You would kill us—?

RAJA: Not I, Madame—the clerical party. And only if my brothers are executed. If not, I will merely demand your word of honor that what has passed between us shall never be mentioned to any human soul—and you shall go free.

CRESPIN: But if your brother assassins are hanged—as assuredly they will be—you will put to death in cold blood—

RAJA: Oh, not in cold blood, Major. There is nothing cold-blooded about the clerical party when "white goats," as their phrase goes, are to be sacrificed to the Goddess.

TRAHERNE: Does your Goddess demand the life of a woman?

RAJA: Well, on that point she might not be too exacting. "On trouve a vec le Ciel des accommodements." If Madame would be so gracious as to favor me with her—society.

Lucilla, after gazing at him speechless, springs up with a cry of rage and shame.

TRAHERNE: Scoundrel!

CRESPIN: Another word, and I shoot you like a dog!

RAJA: Oh, no, Major—that wouldn't help a bit. You would only be torn to pieces instead of beheaded. Besides, I have had your teeth drawn. That precaution was taken while you were at your bath.

CRESPIN: (*Examines his revolver and finds it empty*). Damnation!

LUCILLA: Promise me you won't leave me alone! If we must die, let me die first.

RAJA: The order of the ceremony, Madame, will not be at these gentlemen's choice. But do not be alarmed. No constraint shall be put upon your inclinations. Dr. Traherne reproached me with lack of consideration for your sex, and I hinted that, if you so pleased, your sex should meet with every consideration. I gather that you do not so please? Well, I scarcely hoped you would

Abbé

The Raja dines and wines his English guests with all the courtesy and charm which only an Indian prince, educated at Cambridge, knows how to employ.

ALBERTA² BURTON

The charming young actress of "The Old Soak" has a large and happy family of miniature Chinese cats and dogs, that, contrary to the usual run of nature, never fight "because," Miss Burton explains, "They're good luck bric-a-brac and knickknacks and only fight away bad luck for me."

LAURA HOPE CREWES

[illegible] Miss Crewes' [illegible] a little [illegible] given the [illegible] by Marie Tempest. He does the [illegible] enough this good [illegible] taken for [illegible] dames with the [illegible] [illegible] Englishwoman whose delightful [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] & Mr. Pim Passes By."

MADGE KENNEDY

With her happy mascots, two little dolls of Dutch design presented to her on the opening night of "Cornered." She calls them her "Smiley Dolls" and keeps them constantly with her because they make her feel so cheerful.

Photos by Lenl Stewart
Model's Margaret Nate

MARIAN COAKLEY

Who is soon to be seen in the new play "Husbands and Wives," has a group of jolly little dolls, relics of childhood which make merry every dressing room in which she plays.

HOW PLAYERS FIGHT THE STAGE HOODOO

Ivan Simpson as Watkins, the valet.

—I do not press the point. None the less, the suggestion remains open. And now, I'm afraid I've been talking a great deal. You must be fatigued.

The Raja leaves the room for a moment, and the three are left alone.

LUCILLA: And we were saved this morning—only for this.

TRAHERNE: Courage! There must be some way out.

CRESPIN: The whole thing's a damned piece of bluff! Ha, ha, ha! The scoundrel almost took me in.

LUCILLA: My babies! Oh, my babies! Never to see them again! To leave them all alone in the world! My Ronny! My little Iris! What can we do? What can we do? Antony! Dr. Traherne! Think of something—something—

CRESPIN: Yes, yes, Lu—we'll think of something—

TRAHERNE: There's that fellow, Watkins—we might bribe him—

Suddenly all the lights in the room go down very perceptibly.

LUCILLA: What is that? (*A hissing sound is heard*). What an odd sound!

TRAHERNE: Major, do you hear that?

CRESPIN: Do I hear it? I should say so!

TRAHERNE: Wireless!

CRESPIN: Wireless, by Jupiter!

TRAHERNE: That accounts for it. They're in wireless communication with India!

LUCILLA: Antony knows all about wireless.

CRESPIN: I should rather think so! Wasn't it my job all through the war. If I could hear more distinctly now—and if they're transmitting in clear, I could read their message.

TRAHERNE: That may be our salvation!

CRESPIN: If we could get control of the wireless for five minutes and call up the aerodrome at Amil Serai—

A few moments later the Raja returns. He questions his prisoners. Convinced they know nothing of wireless, he therefore allows them freedom of the palace for the two days that remain. The following morning the prisoners are brought to the Raja's "snuggery." The Raja promptly packs the men off to a game of billiards before Lucilla arrives.

RAJA: Oh, pray spare me a few moments, I want to speak to you seriously.

LUCILLA: Well, I am listening.

RAJA: You are very curt, Mrs. Crespin. I'm afraid you bear me malice—you hold me responsible for the doubtless trying situation in which you find yourself.

LUCILLA: Who else is responsible?

RAJA: Who? Why chance, fate, the gods, Providence, whoever, or whatever, pulls the strings of this unaccountable puppet-show. Did I bring you here? Did I conjure up the fog? Could I have prevented your dropping from the skies? And when once you had set foot in the Goddess's precinct, it was utterly out of my power to save you—at any rate, the men of your party. If I raised a finger to thwart the Goddess, it would be the end of my rule—perhaps, my life.

LUCILLA: You know that is not true. You could easily smuggle us away, and then face the people out. What about your troops?

RAJA: A handful, dear lady—a toy army. It amuses me to play at soldiers. They could do nothing against priests and people, even if they were to be depended upon. And they, too, worship the Goddess.

LUCILLA: What you really mean, Raja, is that you dare not risk it—you haven't the courage.

RAJA: You take a mean advantage, Madame. You abuse the privilege of your sex in order to taunt me with cowardice.

LUCILLA: Let us say, then, that you haven't the will to save us.

RAJA: Reflect for one moment, Madame—why should I have the will, at the risk of all I possess, to save Major Crespin and Dr. Traherne? Major Crespin is your husband—does that recommend him to me? Forgive me if I venture to guess that it doesn't greatly recommend him to you. He is an only too typical specimen of a breed I detest; pigheaded, bullnecked, blustering, overbearing. Dr. Traherne is an agreeable enough man—I daresay a man of genius—

LUCILLA: If you kill him—if you cut short his work—you kill millions of your own race, whom he would have saved.

RAJA: I don't know that I care very much about the millions you speak of. Life is a weed that grows again as fast as death mows it down. At all events, he is an Englishman, a Feringhi—and, may I add, without indiscretion, that the interest you take in him—oh, the merest friendly interest, I am sure—does not endear him to me. One is, after all, a man, and the favor shown to another man by a beautiful woman—please, please, Mrs. Crespin, bear with me, if I transgress your Western conventions. Can I help being an Oriental? Believe me I mean no harm; I wanted to talk to you about—

LUCILLA: Well?

RAJA: You spoke last night of—your children. I think you said—a boy and a little girl.

LUCILLA: My babies, my babies!

RAJA: . . . . It would be very easy for me to have them carried off and brought to you here.

LUCILLA: What do you mean?

RAJA: I mean that, in less than a month, you may have your children in your arms, uninjured, unsuspecting, happy—if

LUCILLA: If?

RAJA: If—oh, in your time, of your own free will—you will accept the homage it would be my privilege to offer you.

LUCILLA: That!

RAJA: You have the courage to die, dear lady—why not have the courage to live? . . . . . In three or four weeks you may

(*Continued on page* 128)

Lucilla (Olive Wyndham): *"I will make no bargain that involves my children."*

Seaman

MARY HALL AS
LADY MACBETH

Walter Hampden's leading woman is a splendid actress of the old school whose wide training in stock in different cities of the country has given her a group of the essentials of acting which is all too rare on the contemporary stage. As Lady Macbeth, Portia and the Queen in "Hamlet," she contributed very largely to the success of Mr. Hampden's season

Schwarz

HENRY HULL

Brave knights—not always in armor—still help ladies in distress. When the success of his famous sister-in-law's production of "Joan of Arc" was threatened by the last minute desertion of one of her actors, Henry Hull chivalrously stepped into the alien rôle of the Earl of Warwick on six hours' notice, and fully lived up to the histrionic traditions of his family

BRIEF BLAZE OF HEROIC DRAMA AT SEASON'S CLOSE

Camera Study by Nickolas Muray

The chisel of Michelangelo might have modelled this figure, so perfect in muscular development and so vigorous in action. Hubert Stowitts, the young American dancer in Pavlowa's ballet, who couples with splendid physique, rythmic talent of first rank, posed for this study of masculine beauty

GILDA VARESI

London looms large in the distance for this indomitable lady whose sudden rise to stardom was one of the outstanding events of the past season. After a brief American tour, "Enter Madame" with Miss Varesi in the dual rôle of star and playwright, will reach London sometime next season, and if one may venture a prophecy on anything so uncertain as the reactions of the English public to American successes, she will gain more laurels there

Schwarz

LEITA RANDALL

No, this isn't a picture of Mary Pickford that strayed out of the Motion Picture section. It's Leila Randall, one of the girls that made "Tip Top" so easy to watch

(Below)

ISABEL LEIGHTON

The last (and also the first) engagement of this young actress, who will be seen in one of the Selwyns' new productions, was as soubrette at the Theâtre des Funambules — otherwise known as the Belasco — where one called her Honorine

Geisler

© Moffett

ZULIEKA REILLY

This bewitching young dancer has been on tour with Raymond Hitchcock. Something in that wild lock of hair stamps her as a daughter of Erin

Schwarz

DOROTHY IRVING

Dorothy and her pretty sister, Irma, reached New York too late for last month's page of sisters. They are both in "June Love," which is greatly enhanced by their presence

Schwarz

DOROTHY CLARK

Another of the girls of "Tip Top," that delightful entertainment which is just at present taking a brief vacation before starting on a long tour

TWINKLING LIGHTS OF BROADWAY

Photo by Mauritius

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

The passing of years has not subdued the temperamental heroine of "Zaza" and "DuBarry," and when she consented to return to the stage as the heroine of Somerset Maugham's satirical comedy, "The Circle," she made her own terms, one condition being that she should have John Drew as her leading man. This picture was taken a few weeks ago in Paris where Mrs. Carter has been living since her retirement from the stage

OLD FAVORITES

© Falk

LILLIAN RUSSELL

Noted far and wide for her radiant beauty, this popular musical comedy star was born in Iowa in 1861 and educated in a convent. In 1879 she appeared in the chorus of "Pinafore." The following year she sang ballads on the stage of Tony Pastor's Theatre. On April 17, 1883, she made her first appearance at the Casino, this city, and this proved the beginning of a long series of triumphs in such operas as "The Grand Duchess," "The Brigands," etc.

SARA JEWETT

This great favorite of the seventies was a member of A. M. Palmer's Union Square Theatre company. First seen with that famous organization as Henriette in "The Two Orphans," she immediately became highly popular and repeated her success later in such rôles as Lillian in Bronson Howard's "The Banker's Daughter," Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," Lea Henderson in "Daniel Rochat" and Adrienne in "A Celebrated Case."

© Dupont

←

ADA REHAN

This actress, for many years the bright particular star of the Daly stock company, was born in Ireland in 1860 and educated in Brooklyn. In 1875 she was with Mrs. John Drew's stock company in Philadelphia where her acting attracted the attention of Augustin Daly. He engaged her for his New York theatre, and she remained at the head of the Daly company until the manager's death in 1899, during that long period establishing herself firmly in the favor of the theatre-going public, and acting over two hundred parts

Smith

JOSEPH HAWORTH

This leading man, a great favorite in the eighties, and remembered chiefly for his impersonation of Paul Kauvar in Steele Mackaye's drama of that name, made his first New York appearance at the Union Square Theatre in 1885 in a play called "A Moral Crime." The following season he went to California where he joined Al Hayman's newly organized stock company at the Baldwin. In 1887 he appeared at the Standard Theatre this city, as Paul Kauvar. In 1892 he appeared at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre as Ralph Izzard in Henry Guy Carleton's revolutionary drama "Ye Earlie Trouble," and two seasons later was seen as John Storm in "The Christian"

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

[illegible] acts by Eugene O'Neill. Produced June 1 with this cast:

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Captain Isaiah Bartlett	William Mack
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Jimmy Kanaka	T. [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

A [illegible] made up of seven one-act plays [illegible] from the press. It dealt principally [illegible] and those who follow it. In such work young O'Neill is almost as far see[illegible] technic as is Joseph Conrad. O'Neill [illegible] his obsession to destiny, and the fates [illegible] as modern as Thomas Hardy.

[illegible] entitled "Where the Cross is Made." This play, rewritten and rearranged, is practically the fourth act of his [illegible] duced by John D. Williams at the Frazee. Mr. O'Neill himself will have to make it known as to whether he amplified the one or whether the [illegible] of greater compass.

[illegible] O'Neill high upon the roll of American playwrights, but I cannot in my supreme devotion to his talent permit myself to describe his latest output as a good play. It is not. Its gloom is so utterly unrelieved as to defeat its dramatic purpose. It is tediously reiterative and scenes of keen psychologic verity are followed by those of [illegible] construction. So valuable [illegible] that it doesn't [illegible] "Gold" as a fortissimo study in sinister. Capt. Bartlett and his associates are wrecked on a coral reef in the Malay Archipelago. Dying of thirst and hunger, they find a chest of gold and jewels. The cook and cabin boy pronounce the find junk and are murdered. Bartlett offering no intervention. Rescued, the Captain has [illegible] a schooner to dig up the treasure chest they had hidden in the sand [illegible] but the whole venture at every stage is cursed and as a climax [illegible] lies in the hallucination that the schooner has returned bringing them gold and precious jewels.

The conscience-stricken Bartlett is a big creation, a role that calls for the talents of a big actor. In some of its requirements William Mack is [illegible]. The opening scene on the desert sand spit is de[illegible] What follows is not always as [illegible] owing due to the author's shortcomings.

[illegible] gently sympathetic, Charles Frazee [illegible] with the lust of gold in the mental [illegible].

[illegible] by Fazekas and Marcus, May 23, with this cast:

Willie Logan	Arthur Wertz
Violet Ray	Daisy De Witt
Chester P. Hemingway	Lulu Sheffler
Mark Porter	Jack Sparks
Gladys Sullivan	[illegible]
Annabelle Porter	Eva Clare
Two "Nut" [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Miss Nettles	Marcia Adair
[illegible]	[illegible]
Jeanette Dare	Miss [illegible]
Jack Cartwright	Mr. Marcus

A [illegible] distant Santa Barbara. The production generally bears ear-marks of [illegible] counter principles in the matter of [illegible] that, *ye puellae* glow with unpurchasable beauty and the thing just hollers [illegible] peacocks costs nine thousand dollars when the humor doled out before it or the blasé behaviour of its mis[illegible] awaken within my heart a terrible *weltschmerz* or put me to sleep? The drop curtains in "Sunkist" look as [illegible] were made to [illegible] [illegible] has per[illegible]

[illegible] suggestive [illegible] college produce every [illegible] possesses the same [illegible] of amateur standing, and the same naive quality of "get this it's good." Also it is thrown together in [illegible] professional style—[illegible] gesture in all of the dream of a ravelled fiend who has read the last three vaudeville gag books by the [illegible]. It all blows the pleasant breeze of good humor and intelligent comedy, [illegible] comics, Eddie Nelson and Bell Chain. These gentlemen, strongly suggestive of vaudeville, are admirable come[illegible] America, certainly the most versatile, apart from our hardy local annual [illegible] makes a trip to "Sunkist" thoroughly worthwhile.

[illegible] Ivan Tresh the movie studios of the [illegible]

SELWYN'S. "Seasoned or [illegible] seven scenes.

Principals: Jean White, Lulu McConnell, [illegible] Tapp, Bill Little, Lew Fields, Paul [illegible] Lucrezia Craig, Kay MacCausland, Ruth [illegible]

It was not used to label shows [illegible] nude females. Formerly a "revue" was an end of the season affair [illegible] the [illegible] Weber and

Fields built up their reputation with this sort of entertainment, their annual shows being deservedly looked forward to as one of the treats of each expiring dramatic year.

"Selwyn's Snapshots of 1921" does not quite measure up to the previous standard set for this sort of hilarious stage fun, but it is a move in the right direction, and succeeding "Snapshots" will doubtless register still further improvement. As the present show stands, it is capital entertainment, satisfying from the standpoint of scenic display, with gorgeous costumes and plenty of pretty dancing girls, and, what is more important, with three veteran fun-makers to make the pace in laughter—DeWolf Hopper and Lew Fields, not forgetting the buxom Nora Bayes.

Mr. Hopper has fewer openings than Mr. Fields for comedy, nor does he always make the most of what opportunities he has. He handles well the two rôles—the Englishman and the American—in "The Eternal Triangle," an exceedingly funny scene showing the American conception of a British domestic triangle and the English conception of the same situation, but his real innings came in "Clara Da Loon," an amusing satire written by H. I. Phillips of the Barrymores' $5 a seat play. This scene, to anyone who has seen the original play, is screamingly funny and far better as entertainment, far more logical and convincing than the original piece it burlesques. In this scene Lulu McConnell covers herself with glory as the impassioned Duchess of Worcestershire, who instructs her maids to disrobe her because she's expecting the visit of a gentleman. Miss McConnell again distinguished herself in a hat emporium scene in which Lew Fields' delicious humor was seen at its best.

It's impossible to mention everyone who contributed to the gaiety, but Alan Edwards, Ernest Lambart, George McKay, Grant Simpson, all did yeomen's service. Ruth Hale, a clever little dancer, was conspicuous among the broilers.

NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE. "THE HARLEQUINADE" by Granville Barker and Dion Clayton Calthrop.

Uncle Edward	Whitford Kane
Alice Whistler	Joanna Roos
Mercury	Albert Carroll
Columbine	Lily Lubbell
Charon	John Roche
Momus	Pacie Ripple
Hipponax	Harold West
The Man of the World	Ian Maclaren

ONCE again I am glad to score a victory for the hard-working Lewisohn Players at the Little Theatre on Grand Street. I have seen few worse one act plays than "Innocent and Annabel" by Harold Chapin, which served as curtain raiser to the latest production of the season. But "The Harlequinade" thoroughly justifies the hard work which obviously was put into its presentation.

I recall reading this odd piece some time ago and concluding, unadvisedly, that it was unsuited for the stage. In some respects, I still believe that what its authors say "isn't a play at all—it's an excursion" should and could be more adequately prepared for the theatre. Long periods of pantomime are justified in a piece either by their dramatic effect or their terpsichorean appeal. As produced at the Neighborhood, "The Harlequinade" has an unreasonable number of stupid minutes before the constantly occuring gems of its dialogue again burst forth. In reading, this pantomime is treated by a glance of the eye, but as witnessed it becomes a hopelessly tedious drag. Especially when inexpertly done as it is. An entire hour of playing could be cut from "The Harlequinade" to excellent purpose.

Messrs. Barker and Calthrop appear to have had nothing definite in mind in doing this dramatic fantasy. Indeed, they ramble all over the field of human philosophy and error and wind up quite unexpectedly by a heavy satirical dig at the modern drama. All in all, the piece is what a "Theatrical number" of *Punch* might be if *Punch* ever thought to publish such a thing. In addition, it is pretty and well staged.

As fine a bit of playing as I have seen this season is done by Joanna Roos in the part of Alice Whistler, who, looking like the immortal Alice of Tenniel, explains delightfully to the audience what the "excursion" is about. I must confess that had it not been for Miss Roos's refreshing performance I might have frequently been more bored by the peregrinations of Harlequin and his fellow-mummers through the ages, than I was. This young lady, a product of Yvette Guilbert's school, has made an auspicious beginning and should go far.

The balance of the cast is, for the most part, adequate. Ian Maclaren is capable in a variety of exacting rôles, and Albert Carroll gives a delicately fine, almost effeminate, performance of the god Mercury turned Harlequin. The production, settings and musical interpolations are admirable. But pretty little Miss Roos is the principal star in the Grand Street heaven.

SIXTY-THIRD ST. THEATRE. "SHUFFLE ALONG." Musical Melange. Book by Miller and Lyles. Music by Sissle and Blake. Produced May 27 with this cast:

Jim Williams	Paul Floyd
Jessie Williams	Lottie Gee
Ruth Little	Gertrude Saunders
Harry Walton	Roger Matthews
Grocery Clerk	"Onion" Jeffrey
Mrs. Sam Peck	Mattie Wilks
Tom Sharper	Noble Sissle
Steve Jenkins	F. E. Miller
Sam Peck	Aubrey Lyles
Jack Penrose	Lawrence Deas
Rufus Loose	C. Wesley Hill
Soakum Flat	A. E. Baldwin
Strutt	Billy Williams
Uncle Tom	Charles Davis
Old Black Joe	Bob Williams

"SHUFFLE ALONG," an entertainment written, produced and performed entirely by colored talent, deserves a place among the best shows of its kind seen along Broadway. When one has remarked that the music is tuneful, the dancing graceful and the singing all that could be desired—what more remains to be said?

The plot hinges on the election of Mayor Steve Jenkins, an illiterate but loquacious person who is accused of having secured his election through fraud. The ensuing complications were productive of hilarious fun, the audience being kept in a roar of laughter throughout the two acts.

Everyone in the long cast did well, the singing of Lottie Gee and Gertrude Saunders being particularly applauded.

TIMES SQUARE. "THE BROADWAY WHIRL. Musical extravaganza in 2 parts. Music by Harry Tierney and George Gershwin. Book by Thomas J. Gray. Produced June 8 with these principals:

Richard Carle, Charles Winninger, Blanche Ring, Ray Maxson, Charles Brown, Jay Gould, Winona Winters, Abbott Adams, Warner Gault, Janet Sisters.

THE "Broadway Whirl"—the second of the summer revues to see the light—was evolved from a two year old Century midnight revue with little of the original show left in the process of evolution; and came into town after a successful season on the road. It conforms to type,

(*Continued on page* 126)

Last in right, [illegible] Hopper, Nora Bayes and Lee Parish. The [illegible] of comedy in "Ladies' Night" are on view at the Selwyn Theatre

Gorgeously clad Oriental dancers who make a brief appearance in the last act of "Two Little Girls in Blue," the bright musical comedy in which the Fairbanks Twins are being starred

White

MUSICAL PLAYS HOLD THE SUMMER STAGE

"THE HUB" DEFIES BROADWAY

The home of the stock company has never had to depend on erratic Broadway bookings

By FRANK CHOUTEAU BROWN

JOHN CRAIG
Favorite Boston stock actor

HISTORICALLY, of course, Boston possesses rather a proud record as the home of Stock Companies, despite the early Puritan background that persisted to occasion somewhat peculiar conditions to surround certain of the local dramatic companies and theatres down to a surprisingly recent date. Among the best known of local Boston institutions have always been the Boston Museum and the Howard Athenaeum.

Before the opening of its new building, Nov. 2, 1846, the Boston Museum Stock Company first played on September 4, 1843, and from then onward until the season of 1894-95, the Company grew and flourished, William Warren, Jr., Mrs. Vincent, J. A. Smith, G. H. Finn, Mrs. Thoman, Kate Reignolds, Charles Barron, Mary Cary, Annie Clarke, Marie Buress, Lawrence Barrett, Jack Mason and Kate Ryan firmly establishing themselves in the affections of the Boston theatregoing public.

The Howard Athenaeum, built over from an old church structure on Howard Street, opened the same year as the Museum building, 1846, on Oct. 5, with a performance of "The Rivals," in which Wm. Warren made his first appearance in Boston, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger. This house, too, became the home of many Stock Companies. Then came the Boston Theatre, on Washington Street, which opened Sept. 11, 1854, under Thos. Barry and Eugene Tompkins, and that house, also, had its Stock Company, containing such well-known players as Edwin Forrest, Edgar L. Davenport, James H. Hackett, Julia Dean, Fanny Davenport, and Rose Eytinge, among many others. In 1867, Selwyn's Theatre, afterwards the Globe, also opened, to house Stock Companies, as well as visiting stars, and travelling companies.

Coming down to later years, the Castle Square Theatre was long the recognized home of local Stock Company life in Boston. From May 3, 1897, to July 24, 1915, this house was occupied by Stock Companies, well and widely known for the general excellence and care of their performances. The company has, at various times, included Lillian Lawrence, Leonora Bradley, Mary Sanders, John Craig, John Sainopolis, James L. Seeley, Edward Wade, Lindsay Morison, Mary Hall, Mary Young, J. H. Gilmore, William Courtleigh, Edmund Breese, Mark Kent, Charles Mackay, Howell Hansel, Lillian Kemble, Frances Starr and W. C. Masson. More than that, it was the responsible sponsor for at least two local off-shoots of importance—one, a Stock Company first formed by Mr. Lindsay Morison for a Summer season at the Majestic Theatre, continued—in Boston or other nearby towns—for several seasons thereafter. Another and more important venture was one originated by John Craig and his wife, Mary Young, both of whom had been former favorite members of the Castle Square Company, and who started a small organization of their own on one of the occasions when the Castle Square management turned for a season to light opera. Mr. Craig's company at first appeared in the old Bijou, a small playhouse formerly the home of the B. F. Keith entertainment. This small auditorium and even smaller stage—made for a certain intimacy between players and audience that has probably always remained at the back of the continued interest taken by a public in constant attendance on the performances given by a favorite organization of familiar players—and so for several seasons this company grew and expanded from the informal farces, operettas, and lighter comedies that were possible within the slender equipment of this little Playhouse, until they graduated to the larger Globe Theatre, on Washington Street, nearby. From here again, after a season or so of more elaborate productions, Mr. Craig leased the Castle Square, now the Arlington, Theatre, and from April 28, 1908 onward, to last season, has—with the intermission of one or two seasons only—occupied this house with his Stock Company.

Photo Ellison — Putnam & Cox, Architects

THE COPLEY THEATRE, BOSTON

Formerly known as the Toy Theatre, this house is now the home of the Jewett Repertory Company

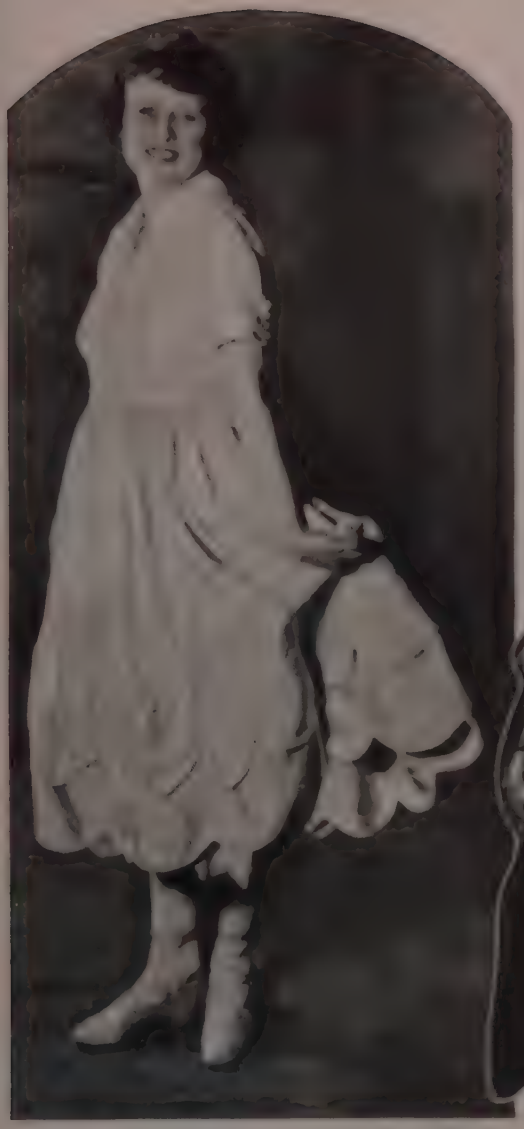
MARY YOUNG
One of Boston's most popular stock players

It was earlier than this, however, in the six years between May 3, 1897 and April 27, 1903, that this theatre made one of its most remarkable records. During this six years and more, the company gave 3,700 continuous performances, with no other interruption than closing for two days at the time of President McKinley's death. During this period, two hundred and twelve plays were given, forty-two being repeated for two or more separate engagements.

There remains one further record to be made, to bring the history of Boston's local resident dramatic companies, with fair completeness, down to date. At about the time that "The Garden of Paradise" sank under its overload of scenery at a New York Theatre, Mr. Henry Jewett undertook with

DORIS OLSSON
Favorite Boston leading woman

HOWELL HANSEL
Popular Boston leading man

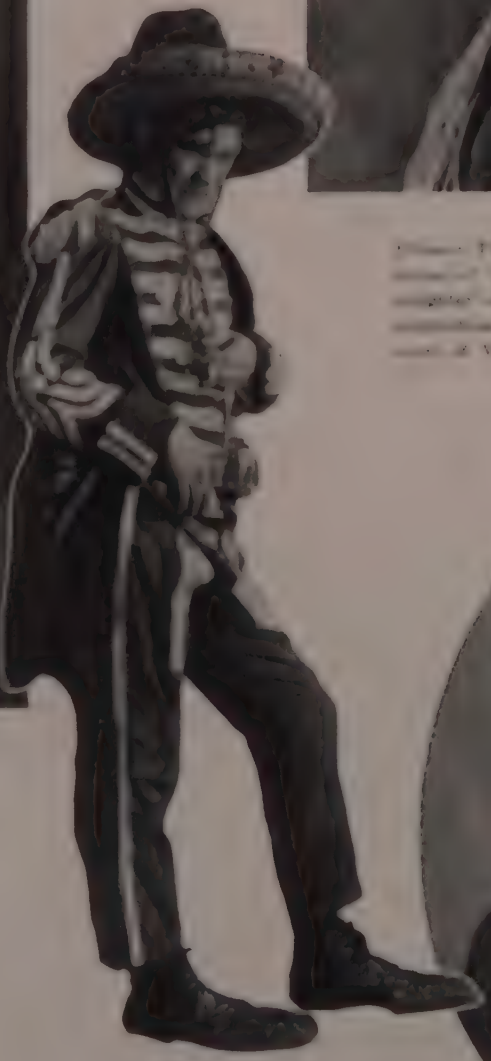


THE VAMP

Edna Griffith as Babouchka, another of the Countess' five marriageable daughters, whose confession of faults, "*I Rather Like Love*" is one of the song hits of the season

THE HEROINE

Grace Fisher, the "Dainty girl with the golden hair" of Vesta Victoria's song, who plays the part of a wealthy young widow, whose acquaintance in the Dungeon of the Inquisition at Vendôme provides the exciting close of the play



THE CLOWN

Harry Barton, almost a newcomer on Broadway, as Mat Maltby, Lieut. Merrington's orderly, whose comedy keep things going at a lively pace and are quite the funniest things that have happened in a long time

THE HERO

Walter Woolf as Lieut. Jack Merrington, the chivalrous American who even goes to jail to save the heroine's reputation

PRINCIPAL FIGURES IN "THE LAST WALTZ"

some of the players imported from England for that production, and others, a season of English and Shakespearean plays at the Boston Opera House. Originally undertaken at prices of 50 and 25 cents, the venture earned its way from the merit of the performances and the unusual interest of the selected plays. The prices were soon raised to $1.00, and, after a time, the company, radically reorganized (although still consisting of English players), moved from the distances of the Opera House to the diminutive theatre built on Dartmouth Street, near Copley Square, a couple of seasons before for the Toy Theatre, a group of amateurs that had acquired a considerable following by its several years of previous occasional productions given in an old stable on Lime Street.

THIS theatre, seating only 690 persons, has now been the home of this company for the last five years. During that time, the Copley Theatre has—with occasional intermissions, when an endeavor has been made to obtain a play capable of running through summer or spring—been consistently conducted by giving weekly, or bi-weekly, changes of plays selected from the modern English Theatre. The company being largely English in its make-up, coupled with the small capacity of the house, has made it impossible, in the judgment of its managers, to undertake any American plays—save only such occasional neutral pieces as "Officer 666," "The Private Secretary," "Are You a Mason?" or "Charley's Aunt." The company has appeared to particular advantage in such plays as "Chains," "Hindle Wakes," "Strife," "The Thunderbolt," and most of the plays of Bernard Shaw, Wilde, Barrie and H. A. Jones, that have been included in its repertory from year to year. Other of the younger English dramatists have also been represented—Harold Brighouse, Carton, Sutro, Bennett, Gladys Unger and George Paston. Mr. Jewett, however, considers the term "Stock Company," beneath the just merits and present ambitions of his organization, and insists that it be dignified by the name "Repertory," instead. There is justification for this to the extent that no member regularly plays "leading" parts, but all are moved around in the cast from week to week, from important to minor rôles. But the company is, nevertheless, not run on the European Repertory system by means of which several plays are put on within the week, but instead, follows the usual American fashion of playing each play for a week or more at a time, as is the custom here.

Although the local problem in Boston is, of course, entirely different from that in Minneapolis, yet, so far as the better theatre-going class, residing in either city, is concerned, results are surprisingly the same. Boston is the theatrical center of the "Down East" provinces, just as Minneapolis (with St. Paul) is the mainstay of the "Northwest" circuit; and yet the writer can affirm, from actual experience, that Minneapolis has nothing on Boston, in the erratic bookings that are sent into this Eastern city by the "powers that be" in the routing offices off Broadway. During a recent western visit, memory too well recalls the bills announced for four consecutive weeks, at its Premier House—a film, "Way Down East," a road-worn lesser star, and "Dark"!

It is true that we, in Boston, have, perhaps too seldom, opportunity to see an "Uncle Tom," with his attending "double" Marks, Evas, and Topsies—but we are so conveniently adjacent to the theatre metropolis that, outside of Atlantic City, and, perhaps, New Haven—what place may better take the failures of Broadway than the Premier theatres of Boston? While, so long as Harvard does not succeed in realizing its ambition to equal New Haven, and have a theatre all its own; what better place to send the discarded Musical Shows—or, even worse, the Musical-Show-in-Process-of-Making—than to Boston, for there the famous freshmen and sophomore support is always guaranteed. Over the desks of all the Broadway managers hangs the proverb (just below the "Do It Next Week" sign), "When a Drama fails, send it to Philadelphia; if a Musical Show, route it to Boston!"

DURING this present season, for instance, when the New York theatres have housed an unusual number of interesting plays of both this season and last, the best that Boston has had an opportunity to see has been limited to "The Passion Flower," "Abraham Lincoln," and finally now, in these last few weeks of the waning spring season, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," and "The Skin Game." For all the rest of the year have our eight or nine Premier Theatres been given over to the Farce Comedy of Doubtful Purpose, the Comedy Written to Please, or the Musical Show to Display! This is the record for our whole eight theatres. Yet the little Copley, despite its self-imposed restriction to English authors, and a rather less interesting selection of plays this season, than usual, has so far given three W. Somerset Maugham pieces, two Bernard Shaw, one Wilde, Bennett, Galsworthy, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Sutro and Vatchell, and a play each by George Paston and Gladys Unger!

Surely, the comparison is obvious enough and so the hope of the discerning playgoer still seems more to reside in the single local Stock Company in his own city—than in the superfluously many companies only poorly directed from Broadway!

TRIAL SCENE IN MARGARET ANGLIN'S PRODUCTION OF EMIL MOREAU'S PLAY, "JOAN OF ARC"

The above picture is unusual owing to the fact that this is the first time a photograph has been taken successfully while a play was in actual progress. The picture was made by C. W. Atkinson under extraordinary conditions, the only lights being the dull blue and amber "Foots" and "Borders" utilized to light the scene. These lights with an average camera would make absolutely no impression upon any film, but by means of the lens which Mr. Atkinson has invented and method of color neutralizaton, also of his own invention, the above picture, taken on the opening night at the Shubert Theatre, was made possible. Miss Anglin will resume with "Joan of Arc" in August.

LITTLE STORIES OF THE STAGE

THE AMBITIONS OF ABBIE

THE MOTH

THE STAR

THE PUFF

THE FLAME

THE FIRE

THE TRAGIC MASK

Full of pep and the joy of life, Walter Hampden specializes in sadness and despair

By CAROL BIRD

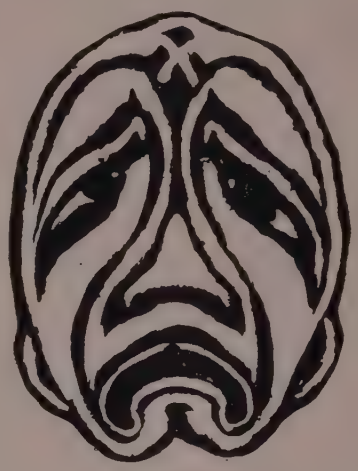
TRAGEDY is generally conceived as something calamitous, mournful, expressive of sorrow. A tragedian, the actor who appears in tragedies only, is visualized by many as a sombre individual, enveloped in a haze of gloom. He is expected to take on something of the sadness and tragic despair of the rôles he depicts. It is more than likely that he will have a solemn, melancholy mien. When he speaks his voice will sound sepulchral. He will gaze at you with mournful eyes. Above all, you will know him to be a tragedian the moment you glance at him. His clothes, his austere features, the very cut of his hair will shriek to you of his vocation. At any rate, that's what you *think*.

Certainly, if you were tracking a tragedian to his lair, you would not seek him out in Greenwich Village, would you? Greenwich Village—that stamping ground of gay boys and girls, bright batiks, little, gay coffee houses, cigarette shops, and bizarre balls? That little chunk of old New York where flourish such play-places as The Pink Parrot, The Pot of Gold, The Flying Goldfish, and The Painted Pup, frequented by dear, delightful bobbed-hair Miras, and lazy, languishing, long-haired Pauls, wouldn't be just exactly the environment in which you'd expect to find a tragedian, would it?

And yet—that's exactly where we located Walter Hampden—the Shakespearian actor—of whom a critic wrote recently: "His mature and authoritative presentation of Shakespeare's 'Macbeth,' is a notable achievement in Shakespearian production and tragic acting." Yes. We found him in the Village, not, of course, in any of the numerous coffee and waffle shops which dot the Village, but in the Village we found his habitat. He lives in one of the crookedest, craziest, zig-zag, little streets—Waverly Place. It is one of several odd by-ways in the Village which crosses itself once or twice before coming to a reluctant end.

Up dark, winding stairs of a red brick house, up and up to the fourth floor, and then into an unpretentious apartment, simply furnished. Into the room stalks the tragedian. The long, black, straight, brushed-back-over-the-ears hair, the sonorous voice, the tall, slender figure, the dignity of carriage, and the appearance of the ascetic are all there, just as you expected. But the clothes, and that fleeting twinkle in the eyes! They are distinctly alien from your preconceived picture of the true tragedian.

Mr. Hampden wears a suit of fuzzy brown Scotch wool, straight from the Orkney Isles, and it is about three or four or more years old The jacket is loose and comfortable, and cut something after a Norfolk model, but not quite so buoyant. It is not a new or a smart suit, but Mr. Hampden proudly calls it his pre-war outfit. He scorns clothes which are the mode. He wears a soft, neutral tinted shirt, a red and black tie, a soft collar, heavy



MASK BY HERMAN ROSSE

green, wool golf hose, black, patent leather, cloth-topped shoes.

No. His clothes are not those of a tragedian. They are somewhat Villagy, slouchily comfortable. Gazing at him, you forget all the tragic things you came prepared to discuss. A large, framed picture, hanging above the piano back of him, at which you happen to glance, brings you back into the proper mood. It is symbolical of the triumph of Love over Death. The body of a beautiful woman lies prostrate in a dark, swirling pool, above it, soaring, is the figure of an Angel, wings raised skyward. The tragic note is struck. You discuss the things you planned to discuss—the obvious things which one should discuss with a tragedian.

And then—suddenly, Walter Hampden, one of the kings of present day tragedians—explodes all the preconceived notions which you and I had formed about men who delineate such characters as Hamlet and Macbeth.

"Why," he asks, in that full, resonant voice, "why do you speak to me only of the sad things of life? Do I impress you as being a melancholy soul? Have I a sad face? Do I fill you with gloom? Don't you think that I, too, know the joy of life? The tonic value of a joke? A laugh? I assure you I'm full of pep and gay spirits, and have a delicacy of humor all my own."

Mr. Hampden, Shakespearian star, actually winked his left eye!

We hastened to explain that, naturally, we thought all tragedy tragic, and felt that he was part of it.

"All tragedy is not tragic," he smiled. "Sometimes it's funny. Take the time, for instance, when I was playing in "Romeo and Juliet," in London. One night I decided to wear a wig—just for a lark. I have plenty of hair of my own, and didn't need one. During one of the most tragic scenes, I snatch my cap from my head, and toss it to the ground. Unaccustomed as I was to wearing a wig, I forgot about it, and snatched cap and wig from my head, and got a severe jolt when I realized what I had done. I turned a bit away from the audience, and rumpled my hair, realizing that it would look unnaturally sleek after having been pressed down by the wig. Then I went on acting, and no one, apparently, had noticed the funny incident.

"My twelve-year-old daughter, however, who had been seated in a box out front, told me after the performance that she had enjoyed the whole accident very much, but that she thought I was tearing my hair with rage at the mishap, when she saw me clutch it to rumple it.

"There was once an English tragedienne who was undecided whether to be a blonde or a brunette Ophelia. So she wore a dark wig during half of the performance, and a light one during the other half. Those are just samples of the many amusing things which occur to tragedians and tragediennes during performances. I am not an anecdotist, and so I can not just now recall other similar incidents, equally funny."

To a question as to his favorite Shakespearian rôle, Mr. Hampden said:

"I love them all. But I have a pet—Shylock. Perhaps because it is a rôle in which the entire gamut of emotions is run. Next I like Hamlet, I think. As far as the public is concerned, Macbeth is the least popular of all Shakespearian characters. I think it is because they do not grasp the meaning of the play, do not rise to its heights, are repelled by Macbeth through lack of understanding.

"Shakespeare has taken a terrible character and placed him in a wonderful atmosphere, pregnant with beautiful and poetic words. This aesthetic atmosphere is lost by many theatregoers. You know, to most theatre patrons, as to most automobile purchasers, the standard article is the most desirable, the most popular. Popular taste clings to the standardized—in plays as in clothes and in cars. For instance, when I walk down the street in this, my favorite pre-war suit, people stare at me, a bit disdainfully. It is not the mode, not the newest cut, nor the latest weave. I am not wearing what is being worn. Therefore, I am beyond the pale."

Asked whether he meant to imply that a tragedian was ascetic or aesthetic or both, Mr. Hampden replied:

"I think a tragedian does live somewhat in a sphere by himself. He is not an ascetic in all that that word implies, but he does live more simply and broadly than the average man lives. To him tragedy is not a dark and sorrowful thing. He sees beauty in tragedy. Sometimes tragic things comfort him. He finds tragic experiences illuminating, strangely lovely. He does not under-estimate tragic occurrences, and understands that they may react favorably upon a man's life. Tragedy precedes all (*Continued on page* 132)

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edwin Bower Hesser

MAY McAVOY

Barrie has not only charm to burn but he starts it glowing in others May McAvoy had caught the public eye with her youthful beauty in support of Lionel Barrymore on the films, but it wasn't till she appeared in "Sentimental Tommy" that screen devotees realized that here was a girl still in her teens who could play with such exquisite art she would make a film vamp feel ashamed. Now she is to be a star in her own divine right

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By FRANK VREELAND

SPECIALIZATION, which has worked its will with other industries, now appears likely to make the motion picture business—there is some question as to whether it should be called an art or a business—as clearly defined and well regulated as a flivver factory. The various stars are coming more and more to cling to distinct rôles—turning into "standardized parts."

For a while it appeared that players who could choose their own form of film execution were willing, in the classic phrase, to "try anything once." They adventured into the unknown to test their capabilities, and in consequence, almost anything was likely to break out on the screen. Women who had been seen leading highly emotional lives before the camera took up simple ingenue characters, emitting a low, cooing note in celluloid. Even Charlie Chaplin tried to be serious, which led to louder mirth than ever.

But now the eminent stars are turning back to the type of parts in which they essayed the most number of smiles and tears per square foot of film. Evidently they are loath to risk failure since a pall has descended upon the movie field and a picture may miss success by the quiver of an eyelash. Young men whose forte lies in captivating the blonde heroine by the manner in which they drive an automobile decline to go up in an airplane to do it, and young women who have found a questionable career before the camera of profit appear to have decided that going straight is a difficult task, even though highly recommended by the police in every scenario.

AFTER having tested the woes of motherhood up to the hilt in her previous picture, Mary Pickford in her latest, "Through the Back Door," follows her favorite course and reverts to her second childhood. In this tale, which she suggested herself and which Marion Fairfax shaped for the films, Miss Pickford evidently feels that further evidence is necessary to prove that this is the age of the child, besides mere chess prodigies. So she has let down her hair into pigtails—they are never really done up in any other style under her hat, one believes—and plays a little girl, left in Belgium by her fashionable mother, who comes alone to this country following the German invasion, and has a hard time trying to convince her re-married mother of her identity without being arrested for it.

In fact, she is forced to enter her mother's home, through the back door, as a servant, but she doesn't have such a hard time of it among the servants themselves, for who could resist the charm of little Mary, especially when she stands on one leg and tilts her head? There is rather more intrigue in this picture than one finds ordinarily in a Pickford vehicle, but Mary proves adept at eavesdropping, as well as at all the other arts she has essayed. It hardly seems likely that a maid who tried to explain something to her mistress would be so consistently silenced, but such scenes are always good for emotional storms of sympathy on the part of the audience, and Miss Pickford never loses her sense of humor, which saves even a scandal in the home of the rich from appearing like a mere collection of stupid front-page headlines.

ONCE more a pugilistic rôle is played in "Scrap Iron," by Charles Ray, who has been in so many fights on the screen that he must instinctively lead with his left every time a street car gong clangs. Highly naturalistic and simple as usual, there is a thread of unmistakable appeal in Charles E. Van Loan's story of the young mechanic who broke his promise to his invalid mother not to fight and won a bout in order that she might go to Florida, look upon the oranges and be wonderfully restored to health.

But it is so proliferated with insignificant scenes that it sometimes sags, just as Wordsworth sometimes smothers his splendid simplicity under a mess of too-simple words. The laborious sight of Ray making himself a cup of coffee could only rouse enthusiasm in South Sea islanders, to whom the spectacle of persons merely moving about on the screen is still an exciting novelty. Real thrills are forthcoming, however, in the scrap with the middleweight champion who has stolen the youth's girl, when the furious melee in the ring and the sight of the ringside onlookers almost pulling their moustaches out by the roots, keeps the most refined movie audience on the verge of yelling, "Atta-boy, Ray!" Despite the mother's plea to the boy to win in the battle of life by force of mind, the action of the picture is primarily physical, but screen patrons take naturally to that now in view of the current eminence of Messrs. Dempsey and Carpentier.

THOMAS MEIGHAN has found a crook's life such an easy way to the hearts of those whose pockets he doesn't touch that in "White and Unmarried," he is once more in touch with the public via the underworld. John D. Swain's story is out of the common rut in that it doesn't take its handsome burglar hero too seriously, nor does it, on the other hand, put him on a comic supplement pedestal, upsetting plausibility for the sake of shaking the funny-bone.

That is because the author hands the crook at the start of the tale, a million-dollar legacy from a defunct uncle, thereby putting the thief beyond the dreams of his own avarice. Taking a wealthy and bored young American woman around the Paris slums, he not only saves her from a bogus nobleman she marries, but rescues a pretty dancer from the clutches of Apaches—all at the expense of only a few bullets in a lively shooting affray. Then the trick comes—the author awards the dancer to his hero instead of the handsome heiress, a prank that authors have taken to playing lately on their audiences, who appear to stand the treatment good-naturedly.

BEBE DANIELS in "Two Weeks With Pay," has finally worked herself up to real acting pitch, after yards and yards of trying on the films. That may be due to the fact that one of her dual rôles in Nina Wilcox Putnam's bright little fancy is that of a haughty film star, and from her studio experience, Miss Daniels is evidently right at home in the part. As her other self, that of a little milliner's model forced through accident and the business sharpness of the employer giving her two weeks' vacation, to impersonate the movie star at a summer resort, Miss Daniels manages to convey an air of $25-a-week ingenuousness without trying, even in regal gowns. The sub-titles put life into a pleasant context, and one can be grateful that Miss Daniels is no longer one of those bad little girls, at bottom really awfully good, you know, who grow only in the movie hothouses.

ANOTHER double exposure is strikingly done by Florence Reed in "The Black Panther's Cub," which through getting its original impetus from "Faustine," has slipped Algernon Charles Swinburne over on the screen almost before anyone knew it. In the part of the mother who runs the gilded gambling salon until the Paris police become annoying, Miss Reed gives a typical impersonation, that of a woman with a mottled past who goes out into the night cursing everyone enthusiastically. Again, she is her own daughter, engaged in the mother's business, who is saved from the clutches of a wealthy hawk when her mother finds her imprisoned by him in an underworld dive and takes the rounder's bullet very gracefully.

Miss Reed as the battered wreck of a whilom beauty dies very valiantly and movingly amid her wrinkles. The tricks of double photography are exceptionally well done.

For her final flare-up on the screen for some time pending her return to the spoken drama Alla Nazimova has chosen, appropriately enough, "Camille," for no one could be better fitted than this sinuous actress to develop the full tear-drop power on the screen of this famous French play

Elsie Ferguson has appeared to advantage before in a film play of back-stage life, and she does so again in "Footlights," in which she is called upon to fence and exhibit her versatility in other ways that reveal her as an unsuspected rival of Douglas Fairbanks, plus a hundred times more emotional prowess

FINAL SCREEN PRODUCTIONS OF AMPHIBIOUS STARS

BARONESS ORLOVA

Baroness Katusha Orlova is following the current trend of European nobility and society here toward the cinema, and will soon make her début in the photoplay "Faith," swelling the ranks of those who are going to give a function in the movies hereafter the authentic air of the upper circles

© Albin

JULIA HOYT

Mrs. Lydig Hoyt has set the fashion in the very best society by going into the movies, not merely as a passing whim but because she wanted to be more vital than one can be in a merry-go-round of teas and balls. She has started studio work with Norma Talmadge in "The Wonderful Thing," and not even a recent trip to Europe can swerve her from her course to the camera. She was predestined to this career by her clever work in amateur theatricals

Muray

TOM DOUGLASS

The unfortunate lover in "Oh Jo" and the boy hero of "Footfalls" is a descendant of Pocohontas and John Rolfe and thus incidentally one of America's earliest families

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE

Photos White Studio

BARNARD SCHOOL PRESENTS "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"

Under the direction of Mrs. Spencer Wiggin, Barnard School for Girls last month presented Booth Tarkington's always delightful play "Monsieur Beaucaire." The youthful players were excellent in their parts and beautifully costumed. (*Upper*) Miss Wilma Koelsch played "Winterset" with poise and authority, and Miss Ruth Morris in the role of "Beaucaire" brought to the part not only personal charm, but real acting ability. (*Lower*) The Minuet, with Miss Ruth Abbott, as "Lady Mary" in the center and Miss Bessie Fulmer as "Lady Clarise" at the right.

A scene from the "Draught of the Blue," a pantomime in masks, at the Lenox Hill Settlement House, New York

The Neighborhood Playhouse

UNKNOWN to many who are interested in community dramatics, the settlement houses of New York City are continually putting on first-class productions of first-class plays. These performances, however, are generally given in such out-of-the-way places that few people beside those of the community near the settlement have the courage to seek them out. But recently a chance was given for everyone to see the work of the settlements at its best, when the Neighborhood House Review of 1921 was given at the Hotel Pennsylvania Roof Garden. It was a pageant pantomime based on Oscar Wilde's story, "The Young King," produced under the direction of Mr. Stuart Walker and Mr. Burton James, art director of the Lenox Hill Settlement, 511 East 69th Street.

MORE than twenty of the settlements which constitute the United Neighborhood Houses of New York took part, each contributing its bit towards the performance: a group dance, or an actor or part of an orchestra according as its talent lay. And these were all woven together around the coronation and the three dreams of the young king. But their work was not confined to acting alone. All the scenery, which was designed by Mr. James, was made entirely in the settlements, from the sawing of the boards to the last touch of paint. The costumes, too, were designed and made by the players, and during the performance the scenes were shifted by boys trained in the settlement theatres.

ONE of the most unique features was the use of masks in the scene of the hunt for rubies where Avarice, Pestilence and Death work their havoc. These masks were designed

(*Continued on page* 132)

THE MAGIC LANTERN TO THE RESCUE

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

ANY one who has ever worked for the Little Theatre movement knows how questions pour in from all parts of the country, towns and cities, colleges and communities, saying: "How can we bring before our Little Theatre group in an isolated town the best work of other experimental groups?" How, with inadequate facilities, can we show what we mean by a cyclorama, or the new lighting?" "How is it possible to make a somewhat unenthusiastic audience see and instantaneously feel the difference between a cluttered stage and a stage whose setting touches the high water mark of beauty and simplicity?"

Now one of the best things about this whole movement is the wish to share experiments, and in the hope that something I have found will prove valuable, I am offering the suggestion here "for the first time on any stage." I may add that it is a "suggestion" which is now being carried out. While little scene-models, well made and lighted, appeal to all *workers* in Community or Little Theatres, they cannot hold the attention of an audience for thirty or forty minutes if that audience is not primarily theatre-minded. Moreover, they are difficult to send about the country.

So here is a new method that may be tried. The magic lantern can bring magic things to pass! Slides, sometimes colored and sometimes uncolored, can be made showing actual interiors of Little Theatres. The use of cyclorama, screens, pylons, etc., can thus be made clear to school teachers and all others who have not had opportunity to see the simple devices by which inadequate stages can be remodeled.

ONE famous women's magazine raised the standard of interior decoration throughout the United States by showing first a picture of an eye-smiting, badly decorated, overcluttered room; and then, in juxtaposition showed a room all grace, dignity, simplicity. The same thing can be done for stage sets. Show a stage as it probably is and should not be, in any community; and then a stage as it might be, at very little cost.

Little Theatre directors will find that through this method of using slides they can place before their audiences the most significant work now being done in all other Little Theatres. These Little Theatres will be glad to co-operate in sending pictures because it gives them publicity of a splendid order. Theatre artists will find this method a boon, because it brings their work before a growing public. Teachers can interest their classes. "Here is a picture of the ramshackle fish-house where the Provincetown Players first began. And here is a setting for their New York production of "Emperor Jones" soon to be produced in London. Can there be a greater contrast? Here is a town hall in a New Hampshire village: here is that same town hall remodeled into a Little Theatre. Here is a setting of compo-board for a Galsworthy play which cost $5.00. Here is a cyclorama for a Maeterlinck play which cost $20.00. This is how it is lighted."

Could anything be simpler?

Thirty-five to fifty slides can be used for a talk. Slides cost from thirty-five to fifty cents apiece. And a magic lantern or stereopticon can always be rented or borrowed—even on Main Street!

During business hours, these Harem beauties are part of the office force of N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia. They appeared in a Turkish scene with Mr. H. Hardy as Caliph Ben Day, in the play "Let's Go," written and produced by "The Frolickers," an Ayer social organization.

Advertising Invades the Amateur Stage

An organization of Advertising Experts Turn Their Talents to Playwriting and Producing

MORE than half a century ago, when N. W. Ayer & Son planned their first advertising campaign, life was not the strenuous affair that it is today. In the days of 1869, when this organization of advertising experts had its beginning, tired business girls found their only relaxation after the stress of a day at the office, in an exciting game of checkers at home, and the tired business man, had you suggested an amateur play for diversion, would have promptly set you down as mildly erratic. But how we have progressed!

We, of 1921, wise in the ways of Occultism, the Higher Consciousness, Realism and innumerable other isms, have learned that there is a psychology to play-producing and acting, and that it spells community spirit, increased efficiency, and a feeling of loyalty and pride in the far-seeing business organizations fostering amateur dramatics as a means of self-expression and relaxation for their workers.

FIFTY years ago, not even the wildest dreamer would have ventured to predict that the Drama might be accorded a permanent place in the scheme of things and that "play-acting" by people outside the Profession would, one day, be actually financed and sponsored by a serious-minded business organization—the thing was unheard of.

And yet, that is just what happened in Philadelphia a month or more ago, when the employees of N. W. Ayer & Son produced an original five-act play, "Let's Go," which was financed by the Company.

It was at once an inspiration and a remarkable illustration of the power of the Theatre to establish a fellow-feeling—*an esprit de corps*—to watch the performance and the enthusiastic audience that filled the huge theatre. Everybody knew everybody else, and one and all were drawn together by their mutual pride in, and enjoyment of this play of their own creation.

"Let's Go" was written, conceived and produced by The Frolickers, a social society composed of the employees of N. W. Ayer & Son, under the leadership and management of Mr. H. Batten of their organization, who first sponsored the play idea. It was but natural that they should seek material for their book from their business contacts and the plot was accordingly built around the adventures of Mr. Wright Ontyme, a breezy advertising man, who in the midst of the planning of an important advertising campaign, finds his ideas gone stale, and calls Imagination to his aid In five highly amusing episodes, Imagination takes him back to the days of Cheops and the pyramids; King Arthur's Court and the Knights of the Round Table; a Turkish Harem, and the impoverished home of Pallissey the Potter, in France, 1536 A. D., and in each period Wright Ontyme applies the principals of advertising with equally happy and astonishing results.

Mr. B. A. Ludgate as Bernard Palissey, Miss N. Miedel as Anette, his wife, and Mr. R. Phillips as Le Chevalier, in the episode of "Palissey the Potter"—the gem of the play "Let's Go." Mr. Ludgate and Miss Miedel were both admirable in their parts to which they brought sympathy and understanding.

CHEOPS and the denizens of the Desert, who had never heard that, "It Pays to Advertise," were "sold" on the idea before the fall of the first curtain. At King Arthur's Court, Lady Guinevere was rescued from the Giant, thanks to the ingenious methods of Wright Ontyme, and much to the chagrin of the court soothsayer, Merlin, whose incantations and charms had failed to affect the deliverance of the lady.

In the Turkish episode, Wright Ontyme, finding the Caliph Ben Day moping in his Harem with but one faded beauty left to him, the others having deserted to become Red Cross nurses and efficiency experts, proceeds to set things right. He dashes off want ads that draw the Turkish beauties from the market place to Ben Day's harem, and the fall of the curtain leaves the Caliph surrounded by a clamoring bevy of applicants. History repeats itself in the medieval home of Pallisey the Potter—the power of advertising untangles a domestic situation that threatens *not* to end "and they lived happily ever after." Pallissey and his faithful wife are reconciled, and the glazed pottery, for which they had almost sacrificed their happiness is rescued from

(*Continued on page* 132)

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Inc.

SHE was a little maid of Algonac, Michigan, one of the six centers of St. Clair County where a series of historical festivals and pageants is commemorating, this summer, the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the county. With eyes shining like stars she danced up to the Community Service director and said: "My grandfather's in it, my father's in it, my mother's in it, my sister's in it—I wanted to be in it, and now I'm in it!"

Very nearly everybody else who lives in Algonac is also "in it" with this little maid, as are the people of St. Clair, Capac, Yale, Port Huron and Beard's Hills. For this is far and away the biggest event in community dramatics ever yet planned in the state of Michigan, or possibly in any state in this country.

Seven thousand people are rehearsing and working simultaneously throughout six different sections of St. Clair County for this mammoth production as these pages go to press. Preparations have been under way for a solid year. Not only is it St. Clair County's centennial celebration, it is also the Home Coming Week. Indeed, all roads in the middle west are leading today into Michigan. The great event, scheduled for July 3-9, has been the main topic of churches, schools, clubs, press and cross road stores for months past. All pastors of St. Clair County churches devote their services on "Centennial Sunday, July 3, to the celebration with special sermons, historical addresses and music. Every step in St. Clair's stirring history will be retraced, recreated, relived. And Michigan and St. Clair County, especially—are packed with historical riches. Indian legend and tradition, French romance, and frontier episode. The American Legion, Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army, G. A. R., D. A. R., the Masons, Eastern Stars, and numerous other local and state organizations are combining with the churches, schools, libraries, historical clubs and business organizations in one united effort for this vast and significant community celebration.

* * *

MISS Nina B. Lamkin of Community Service, Inc., is the director of the festivals and pageants. Miss Lamkin's method of organizing and co-ordinating so intricate and extensive a community production is in itself an achievement of interest.

In the first place, St. Clair County, nearly as large as the entire state of Rhode Island, is, to be exact, two-thirds the size of the doughty little New England State. The broad and picturesque reaches of the county have been divided into six natural divisions tying up the rural sections with town or trade centers. Each of these centers or divisions has its own home-coming day, and a Festival reviving local scenes in its own history. All of these six sections unite at Port Huron, July 9th for a mammoth historical pageant. Thus five hundred different groups comprising seven thousand people in all are taking part in the celebration. Each group has a leader from their own number who takes care of all rehearsals except the two or three conducted by Miss Lamkin and her associate director, Miss Edna G. Keith, and the chorus director of Community Service, Mr. Henry D. Schubert. Each of the 500 leaders is responsible for having his or her group at rehearsals and is also responsible for all properties, costumes, etc.

In addition to the six thousand actors, over 900 people are working on committees. Furthermore, each center has developed a chorus and is preparing a choral program for its own Festival and another for the big pageant. The financing of these projects is distributed among the communities, the smaller ones paying $200 to $250 to the county fund; the larger, from $500 to $1,000. Thus the sum of $8,000 has been arranged to cover cost of the year of preparation, and all expenses of the great festivals and pageants. As a matter of course, the greater portion of the work is being done through volunteer service, the volunteer leaders working under the direction of the Community Service specialists.

Miss Joy M. Higgins, Community Service, Inc., Director of Community Dramatics, Boston.

Miss Nina B. Lamkin, Community Service, (Incorporated), director of Pageants and Festivals of the St. Clair County Centennial Celebration. She is the author of a number of plays and pageants and of books on recreational activities. As a director of dramatics on a large scale and head of the Michigan work, Miss Lamkin is doing a most significant and interesting piece of community work today.

* * *

THE various activities have been definitely ordered and conducted during the past year. Contests have been released each month creating interest in new phases of community co-operation such as the best essay on St. Clair County history, open to rural schools; on local history, open to grade and high schools; song words and music, open to musical people in the county; best designs for posters, open to all interested in art; centennial poem, open to men's and women's clubs; best slogan and jingle to announce centennial, open to all, and finally a contest for the best short story of Pioneer days. The gathering of historical data for the building of the pageant was undertaken, and all old settlers gotten in touch with. Choruses were developed under local leadership in each of the six sections. Exhibits of old relics, old costumes, old books, old newspapers, early designs in boat building, etc., were held together with exhibits showing achievements in agriculture, club work, industry and recreation.

It has been a superbly active year. "Our five hundred volunteer leaders are steadily at work," said Miss Lamkin. "All are living again early scenes in their childhood, because all of these festivals and pageants are built up around the history of each community. They have gathered that history and they are living it every day now, and through doing this, they are adding new touches every day. Whole families are having a wonderful time expressing themselves, getting out and away from reserve and self-consciousness that seem to come with age and custom. It is not unusual after a rehearsal to have a man step up to us and say, "If you'll give me the order of business of this scene I'll meet these groups and we'll have this all worked out when you get back."

"The leadership developed, the new interests created and the spirit of the community grown to good size, makes anything possible. The joy that comes to us as we work with these new groups who love their community, who want to make a worthwhile showing of its history and its talents, and who desire to make it always a better place to live in, increases as the days go by."

* * *

FROM many sections of greater Boston the play spirit is springing up. Throughout the social settlements, notably Elizabeth Peabody House, South End House, Lincoln House, churches, colleges, schools, and clubs all over the city, series of little plays were given throughout the spring and will be continued during the summer months.

* * *

OUT in the hills of Hingham, Mass., a group of drama lovers and skillful amateur players are producing plays and little operas from time to time. Comprised of a number of the most prominent citizens of Hingham, the dramatic club's presentations are invariably popular town affairs.

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan

CORINNE GRIFFITH, who is to be starred in a screen drama, "Moral Fiber," reveals the beauty of Lucile gowns

Inspired by the Japanese, Lucile designs a wondrous house gown of printed crêpe in shades of peach, and lined with citron chiffon. Vari-colored silks blend into a wide Mandarin girdle

Alfred Cheney Johnston

(Left)

Entirely of silver cloth, the very long waisted dinner gown is made distinctive with a skirt of twisted crystal and pearl rope fringe, framed with a bolster girdle

(Right)

An adorable torquoise blue chiffon negligée, brocaded in sea green provides the foundation, with a cunning hip length lace jacket of Chinese motif. Silver fringe edges the long sash of the girdle, and green ostrich circles the shoulders

LOVELY EVELYN GREELEY who is featured in a new photoplay "Diana of Star Hollow" reaches stellar honors on the screen and in her choice of fashions

Models from Bonwit Teller & Co.

Ira Hill Studio

When a black charmeuse frock is draped in black Spanish lace, and designed with the lace as a cape accompaniment, something chic and youthful is arrived at. A length of the lace attaches to the neckband, and slightly fulled panels conceal the sides of the skirt, swinging to below the hem of the skirt. A corsage of black grapes adds a fashionable note

(Above)

A French chemise gown of canary colored crêpe de Chine gathered into the low neckline and finished with a youthful black collar. A tracing of delicate embroidery in gold and pearl beads mark a becoming bodice effect and the narrow tie belt lifts the smock into a frock!

An orange colored Spanish lace slip over orange charmeuse! Behold a most effective dinner frock with a long length of lace attached to either shoulder and allowed to drape as it will in back and front to the bottom of the skirt. A woven girdle of gold and crystal beads with tasseled ends secures the silhouette. The one accessory is a poster fan of orange and black

(Oval)

Gray Canton crêpe is made in simplest fashion for afternoon wear or semi-sports wear. The bodice and skirt is made perfectly plain, with the mark of distinction at the side, where the gown opens and reveals a full length panel of finely pleated crêpe ruffling. The side trimming is one of the features of quaint summer frocks

Annette Kellermann Models

Ira D. Schwarz

ZENA KEEFE, a Selznick star, invites new interest in bathing, with the aid of a gypsy bandana, a Japanese parasol and an appealing Annette Kellermann beach costume of brown jersey. It is the famous 2-in-1 model with the addition of inverted pleats of scarlet jersey set in from bust line to hem—this feature is of special interest to the plump woman

(Below)

ROSE ROLANDO, noted for her charming dancing in the "Rose Girl" abandons herself to the joys of the surf in a flapper beach suit of crimson and white wool jersey. A white patent leather belt adds chic to the outfit, which by the way is the smart addition to this season's bathing outfit

CLAIBORNE FOSTER chooses a one-piece bathing suit of marine blue jersey with wide pipings and belt of white silk braid. The tights are separate, which slight deviation from the 2-in-1, fits the figure less snugly. New styles in bathing shoes are noted in each of the photographs

TOT QUALTERS, a captivating dancer in "The Passing Show of 1921" is ready for a swimming contest in one of the newest fur trimmed suits—it's a lovely shade of yellow with edgings of an imitation fur that sheds the water beautifully. Miss Qualters is surely anticipating the great fur season just ahead of us!

Through th

By
PAULINE MORG

CATHERINE CALVERT IN "MORAL FIBER"—

As co-star with Corinne Griffith, Miss Calvert is wearing wonderfully smart frocks and wraps from the house of Frances. It is an interesting fact that noted creators of fashion are introducing their latest designs on the screen as well as on the dramatic stage—one gains so many clever suggestions for the new wardrobe in viewing the society play of today.

Miss Calvert delights in wraps and coat dresses, three of which are shown in the sketch! At the left is an engaging coat of white broadcloth with embossed chiffon brocade—long loose sleeves lined with black satin, further accented with a deep rolling collar fringed in monkey fur. The companion sketch reflects the newest mode in a coat dress with very unique ornamentation. White silk serge is a slip-on model with white wool stitching in lattice design—the touch of color appearing in the doll heads made of wool with bright yellow hair and touches of red in the nose and mouth. These cunning dolls swing gaily about like bright colored woolen balls. For evening, simplicity rules, and the white satin gown with crystal bugles depends entirely on the circular skirt which spreads out like a fan while dancing. A touch of red chiffon in the girdle flutters at the side in a shower of narrow ribbon. An effective evening wrap is of white chiffon hung with rhinestones and mounted with a huge collar of ermine.

Black charmeuse makes another evening frock with a jeweled harness of pearl and gold embroidery.

"SNAPSHOTS OF 1921"—

The first decided impression we had of fashion in viewing this uproarious travesty, was in the appearance of Miss Barrymore unannounced upon the stage—but no! Upon closer inspection and consultation of the program, we discovered it was Nora Bayes in that now famous satire on "Clair de Lune"—she was an exact counterpart of Miss Barrymore in that adorable white satin gown which is the talk of the town. The tight fitting pointed bodice and long voluminous skirt with pearl trimmings, and that same *chic* little hat no larger than a candy box, with the sweeping plumes of white—all were duplicated to perfection. Who can doubt the charm of that hat, and a word to the wise will immediately install such a model in the summer wardrobe. The French women are now wearing picture hats with formal evening dress—why not introduce this bewitching fashion in America?

Another charming suggestion for the summer frock was glimpsed on one of the dancing girls; tourquoise-blue taffeta made on redingote lines fluted with taffeta and mounted on sheer, dotted net which formed the wee shoulder sleeves and shallow yoke. A poke bonnet of natural leghorn was built high in front with red roses. And then we discovered the Mexican note in fashions which promises to be extremely smart. It was evidenced in the red velvet sailor hat with ball fringe, and the Toreador jacket, white blouse beneath with a skirt of fringe. The idea could be cleverly modified with a finely pleated skirt, but the short jacket indicated in the sketch is quite the latest and should be copied exactly!

era Glass

NAZIMOVA IN "CAMILLE"—

The fascinating Nazimova will soon appear in a screen version of "Camille," lending her vivid personality to a picture rich in dramatic situations! Of course, she will costume herself in stunning and individual manner! Her conception of fashion is always artistic and "different."

We have sketched an evening gown to be worn in "Camille"—almost *eerie* in the way it clings, and the charm of its décolletage. Gold cloth wraps the body from bust to toe-tip, clinging in such mysterious manner that the contour of the body is plainly silhouetted. A width of pale gold tissue without any straps makes a bodice bandeau over which is swung the upper part of the gown in diamond shape, one point extending up high in front where it is held over the shoulders with narrow jeweled bands which reach to a low waistline in the back. About her shoulders and falling in regal drapery like a court train, she wears a cobweb raiment of finest black net splashed with huge disks of gold embroidery.

For a daytime outfit, Nazimova chooses a unique Russian costume, which is so ravishing in effect that we may expect to see it repeated in winter styles. We think most emphatically that Russian boots will be the vogue—they were introduced in "Sally," and now they reappear as the smartest sort of footwear for the autumn. They are of softest kid, buckled half way up the leg. Marine blue velvet makes the stunning Russian wrap, embroidered in silver or braid.

FROM "STEIN & BLAINE"—

Vivienne Segal, who will appear in the early fall in a new comedy by Rida Johnson Young, yclept "A Wise Child," is wearing some wonderfully smart frocks from the above dressmaking establishment, and she knows just how to wear that ermine wrap with deep beaded fringe of jade and crystals! We are showing it in the sketch for the design is so original, and appropriate too, for any season. The lining is jade green chiffon, very finely pleated, and the collar just crushes about the neck in the way only luscious fur can crush when fashioned by the hand of an artist. We understand Mae Murray has a wrap very similar with a fringe of crystal and pearls.

Because Miss Segal is going up to Maine very shortly, she has ordered one of the advance winter models in an all-enveloping moleskin coat—you can see by the sketch that it is longer than heretofore, and that regulation sleeves are notable. In precise little points, the pelts overlap, resulting in a novel effect. The newest note in fur garments is the suit of mole or baby lamb—a separate skirt and jacket, or the frock which slips over the head and is belted with a brilliant rope of beads. A winsome evening frock is likewise sketched—very simple with its panniered skirt of pearl sequined cloth and smartly cut bodice showing much bareness underneath the arm and in the front, with the fabric covering the back. With this symphony in ivory, Miss Segal carries a poster fan of jade green coque cut in *bizarre* lengths and sprinkled with black spots.

A chinchilla cape gathered into a small close fitting collar is worn over the frock and reaches to the ankle.

"Brucewood," at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., the home of the Shakesperian tragedian, Robert Mantell.

The "Studio" at Brucewood where Robert Mantell and his talented wife, Genevieve Hamper, spend many interesting hours of rehearsal. Her exquisite interpretation of the role of "Rosalind" had its inception here, where "King Lear" and all the Shakesperian characters in Mr. Mantell's repertoire are recreated.

Robert Mantell's Country Home

After arduous road tours and the stress of the winter's engagements, Robert Mantell, like all true Scots, believes in that old saw —"East, West, Hame's the best," and with his wife and co-star, Genevieve Hamper, retires to their beautiful estate, "Brucewood," where they spend the long summer months resting and rehearsing, prepared to win new laurels each succeeding winter.

A flower bordered path, one of the many delightful approaches to the Mantell home.

This sunny porch with its vista of country lanes and ways, is often the scene of intimate gatherings of the Mantells

There is a profusion of roses at "Brucewood" —Robert Mantell and Genevieve Hamper are shown beside the bird pool which invites feathered visitors to the rose garden.

Youth Co-operates With Youth

By ANGELINA

You may get a glimpse of the happy cooperation given Miss Ward by this "House of Youth" suit in brown duvetyn with its beaver collar, though the photograph cannot show one of the choicest features, the rich fringe and embroidery at the bottom of the jacket

FATHER made a flying trip to Paris a while ago and returned on the Aquitania. Mother and I and Edwin went to meet him when he arrived. If I can't be going, or arriving from, abroad myself the next best choice is to go to the pier to see someone who is. (You must by now know this little hobby of mine for vicarious experience). Every big steamer yields such a fine crop of smart men and women, and . . . celebrities.

As we watched the people come off the boat a lovely creature crossed the gangplank. She had the most marvelous shade of orange-red hair that caught the light in fine-spun puffs either side a dazzling pink-and-white skin. Everybody was staring . . .

"Look Edwin," I nudged him, "Unmistakably an English beauty! I wonder who she is."

"Ye Gods!" cried Edwin in great excitement, "Dorothy Ward!" And dashed away from me in the direction of the lady.

I needed no other explanation than the name . . . for ever since Edwin came back from the other side he had done nothing but talk Dorothy Ward to me. When he was in London he saw her in "Happy-Go-Lucky" three times, and further he met her one evening at a smart after-the-theatre supper party. And it was not only that she was such a peach for looks, and her work on the stage so clever . . . and all that, Edwin raved on. But she had the loveliest manner when you met her . . . "If Miss Ward ever gets here, Angelina," Edwin would say, "you *must* meet her."

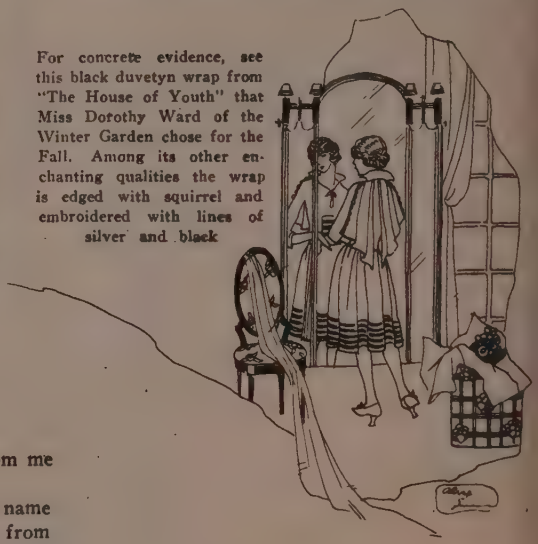
And lo and behold! there *was* Miss Ward, over-seas to be starred in "The Whirl of New York," the new show at the Winter Garden. And in five minutes I was meeting her . . . and in five more Edwin and I promised to come to her opening night (which we subsequently did) and made her promise for a party later.

Before that, however, I ran into Miss Ward on the Avenue, starting out on a shopping expedition. "American women were so smart... She loved their clothes . . . especially the tailored things . . . She wanted some like them. Tell her, now, where was the best place to go for that?"

I looked at Miss Ward. . .

The celebrated English-beauty-skin is one of those traditions that happen to be true. Most traditions of the sort are pure superstition. But there is "a something" about the texture of a lovely English skin, a satin fineness of grain, a blending of tints that seem to be a unique product of the British Isles. As I noted the exquisite charm and freshness of Miss Ward's face I involuntarily thought, "the incarnation of youth!" And the association tracks of my brain being in perfectly good working order I opened my mouth and directed Miss Ward to "The House of Youth." That is, I directed her to a shop where she could find "tailored things," suits and wraps bearing the labels of "The House of Youth."

For not only should Youth be garmented in Youth, but you know the English like *quality* above everything. And quality is what one gets in "House of Youth" models . . . quality



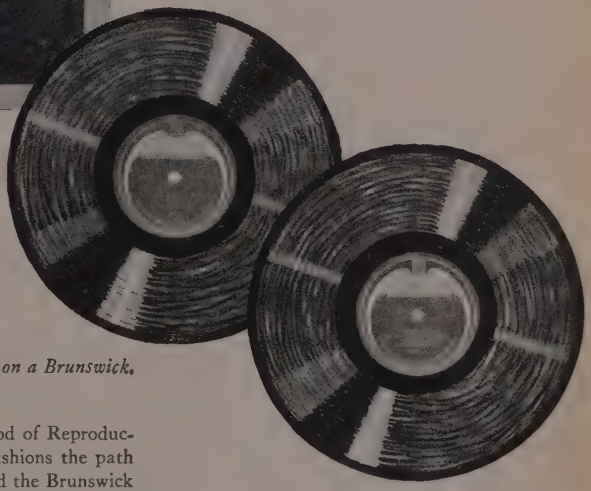
For concrete evidence, see this black duvetyn wrap from "The House of Youth" that Miss Dorothy Ward of the Winter Garden chose for the Fall. Among its other enchanting qualities the wrap is edged with squirrel and embroidered with lines of silver and black

of material, of cut, of finish. If fur is used on a garment it is the best of its kind. If embroidery, it is a pattern of original design, worked out by expert artists and not the hackneyed themes turned out in wholesale fashion. The same measure of quality is found in the linings . . . in the finish of buttons, of seams, of tassels and fringe . . . I knew "The House of Youth" could not fail Miss Ward . . .

Later on, she expressed her appreciation to me for my information, and acceded most graciously to my request to pose in the models she selected . . .

These were two, a suit and a wrap, the one brown trimmed with beaver, the other black and squirrel-bordered.

The Gotham



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My Fashion Correspondence

By PAULINE MORGAN

Posed by Kathlene Martyn

White

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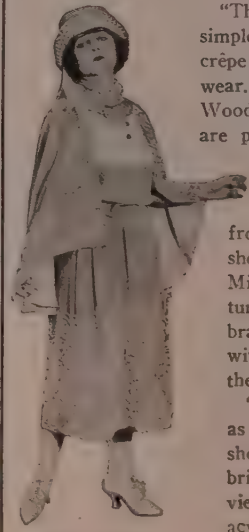

Miss Hawley

"The smartest summer frocks are the simplest frocks, and Canton crêpe and crêpe de Chine still lead for daytime wear. The photographs of Eleanor Woodruff and Wanda Hawley herewith are practical and smart suggestions for different degrees of weather. Miss Woodruff, in an emerald green crêpe de Chine one piece frock with ruffling maize of organdie, shows an exceedingly smart model. Miss Hawley wears a three piece costume of corn colored Canton crêpe, braided in oyster white rat tail design, with white lining the cape and making the upper part of the bodice.

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Miss Woodruff

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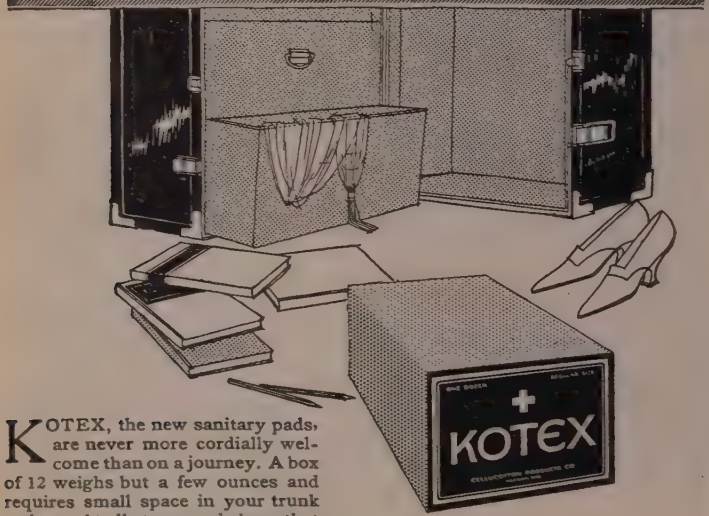

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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE ran into the lovely Martha Hedman, a little ago, outside her apartment. She was as blondely exquisite and as graciously mannered as always.

"Come in and see me for a minute," she said. "I sail for Europe on Wednesday."

"Business or pleasure?" we asked, once inside.

"A little of both, perhaps," Miss Hedman replied, "As a matter of fact, I strongly suspect I was induced to go abroad at this particular moment just to give my new trunk an airing . . . new trunks, I should say . . . . for I've purchased another one of the same type—a steamer—since I came back from on tour. They're perfectly wonderful trunks! Wouldn't you like to see them? Something rather new in the way of vanities and so right in your line."

Miss Hedman led me into her bedroom, where stood the most extraordinarily good-looking wardrobe trunk of dark blue exterior and rich brass trimmings.

"How frightfully smart!" we cried. "We don't wonder you want to 'take it out.'"

"It is, isn't it?" said Miss Hedman giving the trunk an affectionate little pat. "But that's the least of its charm. I've had a wardrobe trunk of this same make, too, for years, but this one is as superior to the other, almost, as . . well, say, the wardrobe trunk itself is superior to the old-fashioned kind. I've had this trunk out on tour, now, for several weeks and I've been completely happy with it."

"It really represents *de luxe* traveling . . . the romance of travel, even, I've thought, since it eliminates so much of the petty annoyances of packing and unpacking . . . leaves you quite free to enjoy . . . ."

"Let me show you," Miss Hedman continued, pressing a brass catch on the side of the trunk. "See how easily it opens in spite of its size. And," shifting another catch with her foot, "how it closes just as easily. 'A child could adjust and use it.'"

"Look at the exterior . . . . See how everything has been arranged so that it can be cleaned, washed out. A hose might be turned on it. . . If as much as a finger mark gets on the enamel on the drawers, a damp cloth takes it off at once. And this light wood of which the drawers are made can be treated just like the drawers of a bureau. Then this pad, and the dust cover that hangs over the clothes, can be easily removed and put into the tub." (The pad and the dust protector were of a smart, heavy, tan crash, and another ingenious trick was that the latter opened at its top to convert itself into a soiled linen bag.)

"Here is a special flat drawer at the bottom for my shoes," further demonstrated Miss Hedman, "and another drawer for my hats. And see this special compartment for one's electric iron, usually so devilish to pack, but which no traveler should be without."

"What you can't see, however, and what I really should have told you at first,—I've rather been putting the cart before the horse—is the steel foundation the trunk is built on, which makes it so strong. Added to that it is all riveted . . . not a nail anywhere . . . . you practically have impregnability. What I have suffered in the past from broken trunks . . . ! And from broken *into* trunks! This trunk, you note, has a special seal of its own on the lock, and if that seal is tampered with, it's up to the express company."

(This trunk of Miss Hedman's, just now on the market, has a special name and is of special make. Write The Vanity Box, Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th Street, New York, to find out what it is.)

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The sparkling nickel Star Motor Vibrator, $12.50 complete ($17.50 in Canada) is a delightful adjunct to the daintiest vanity table. So is the smaller "Star," which sells for $5. complete ($7.50 in Canada.) On sale at leading Drug, Department, Electrical and Hardware stores. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 350, Torrington, Conn.

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VACATION DAYS are here, when changes of address usually reach us too late—and for this reason magazines are frequently lost in the mails.

Changes of address must be in our office before the 10th of the month. For example—for the September issue a change of address must be in before the 10th of August.

COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS

are invited to submit scenes from their plays for publication in the

Amateur Stage Department

Address: Editor Amateur Stage, Theatre Magazine, 6 E. 39th Street, N. Y.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 98)

has many more or less pretty girls, several dancers, lots of colorful costumes, many velvet and silk draperies of various shades, and five reliable principals to carry the show along.

The programme names ten or a dozen persons as concerned in writing, composing and staging this "whirl," but there is no evidence of much inspiration or ability shown by the results. The wit and humor are of the frothy variety. This is doubtless all right as no one wants to tax his brains to comprehend a joke at a summer show. However, it is none of it bad; it moves along rapidly from start to finish, and the principals, Blanche Ring, Charles Winninger, Richard Carle, Winona Winter and Jay Gould—all favorites—give good accounts of themselves. The first three extract lots of laughs from two skits "Worries" and "Husband, Wife and Lover;" Miss Ring and Mr. Carle are excrutiatingly funny in a travesty on comic opera; Winona Winters is always ready with her smile and discovers a new ventriloquial talent; Mr. Winninger adds a touch of artistry to his comedy in different scenes; and Jay Gould not only dances well, but gives a startingly realistic and vivid picture of a Chinese drug addict in "Lime House Nights."

WINTER GARDEN. "THE WHIRL OF NEW YORK." Musical extravaganza in 2 acts. Music by Gustav Kerker, Al Goodman and Lew Pollock. Book by Hugh Morton and Edgar Smith. Produced June 13 with these principals:

J. Harold Murray, Louis Mann, Nancy Gibbs, Dorothy Ward, Florence Rayfield, Kyra, Purcella Brothers, Adelaide and Hughes, Al Marton, Rosie Green, Smith and Dale, Rath Brothers, John T. Murray.

TAKING the old-time favorite, "The Belle of New York," as a basis for a new Winter Garden production, was a clever idea which the Shuberts have succeeded in working out still more cleverly. The old play was worth while both as to its book and its music, and it forms—not a skeleton—but a good substantial body on which to hang the tinsel and trappings of modern variety and extravaganza.

Almost everything possible has been done to make an elaborate entertainment, and the result is one of the best shows the Winter Garden has housed. In the cast are several well-known names, not only of actors, but of specialty artists. There is an enormous chorus, there are numberless rich and beautiful costumes, and the settings are bewilderingly lavish and varied. Although the performance is a long one, lasting over three hours, the interest is nearly enough continuous to hold most of the audience until the final curtain.

Of the singers, J. Harold Murray, the musical comedy queen, falls far the unassuming and manly fashion in which he carries his part, but for the telling results he gets in his songs, especially the ringing, swinging "Mandalay."

Nancy Gibbs, who is the Salvation Army lassie, and, as such, has the memories of Edna May for a background, does the best singing among the women and is pleasant to look at. Dorothy Ward as Cora Angeli[illegible] the musical comedy queen, falls far short of accomplishing the result she is after, largely because of the evident strenuousness of her efforts. Her work is monotonous to a wearying degree, and her self-consciousness is always in evidence.

The "Fifi" of Florence Rayfield is dainty enough as a picture, but the voice is not always pleasant.

There is, of course, much dancing by the chorus (and it is far better than the average): also Kyra, a solo dancer of the weird variety, and the Purcella brothers. Adelaide and Hughes, and Al Martin and Rosie Green contribute to the terpsichorean revels.

There isn't a great amount of comedy in evidence. Smith and Dale of the Avon Comedy Four, as two detectives, strive hard but do not achieve much. On the other hand Louis Mann was the Polite Lunatic to the life, and gave a performance that was so artistic as to be an outstanding feature, and something foreign to a Winter Garden show.

A closing word of praise is due the Rath brothers for the grace and apparent ease with which they perform the amazing acrobatic feats of their specialty number.

We heard of an actress, last month, who on being asked by an ardent admirer what she would like best in the way of flowers, said frankly and with great foresight, "Oh, Old Dear, say it with Valaze Beauty Grafts instead!"

No sooner said than done!

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Fritz Kreisler, in his new Victor Record for July, "Melody in A Major," pays a fine tribute to its composer, Brigadier-General Charles G. Dawes, for he chose the music on account of its beauty, not knowing who had written it. The theme is an ideal cradle song with its phrases joined by tendrils of melody. There are full-voiced double-stops, two strings chanting together. Though the record was made not primarily for musicians, but for music lovers, musicians find much in it to marvel at. And no one can forget that Kreisler is playing.

The "Friendship Duet" from "Don Carlos" is magnificently sung by Martinelli and De Luca. The tenor voice, floating above the baritone, carries phrase by phrase a dignity and power truly impressive.

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192 pages. Illustrated. $1.50
J. B. LIPPINCOTT, CO., Publishers
Philadelphia

THE GREEN GODDESS

(*Continued from page* 88)

have your little ones—

LUCILLA: Yes—but on what conditions? That I should desert my husband, my friend—should let them go alone to their death—should cower in some back room of this murderous house of yours, listening to the ticking of the clock, and thinking, "Now—now—the stroke has fallen"—stopping my ears so as not to hear the yells of your bloodthirsty savages—and yet, perhaps, hearing nothing else to my dying day. No, Prince—you said something about not passing through the shadow of death; but if I did this I should not pass through it, but live in it, and bring my children into it as well. What would be the good of having them in my arms if I could not look them in the face.

RAJA: Is that your answer?

LUCILLA: The only possible answer. (*She enters the billiard room and closes the door*).

To test again his prisoners' knowledge of wireless, the Raja sends out in their presence a message that Mrs. Crespin has accepted his offer. As none of them betray themselves, he leaves them to attend to the ceremonies of the following day. There is a hasty consultation. Then they ring for Watkins.

TRAHERNE: I daresay you can guess what we want with you.

WATKINS: I'm no 'and at guessin', sir. I'd rather you'd put it plain.

TRAHERNE: Well, you know that we've fallen into the hands of bloodthirsty savages? You know what is proposed for tomorrow?

WATKINS: I've 'eard as your numbers is up.

TRAHERNE: You surely don't intend to stand by and see us murdered—three of your own people, and one of them a lady?

WATKINS: My own people, is it? And a lady—!

LUCILLA: A woman, then, Watkins.

WATKINS: What has my own people ever done for me—or women, either—that I should lose a cushy job and risk my neck for the sake of the three of you? I wouldn't do it for all your bloomin' England, I tell you straight.

CRESPIN: It's no good, Traherne, come down to tin tacks.

Watkins consents, for fifteen thousand pounds, to send a message to the British aerodrome.

CRESPIN: (*Signing the paper*). There you are, damn you!

TRAHERNE: Now get to work quick, and call up Amil Serai.

WATKINS: Right you are, sir. (*Unlocks the door*).

CRESPIN: Isn't there some special call you must send out to get Amil Serai?

WATKINS: Oh, yes, sir, I know it. (*Begins to transmit*).

CRESPIN: (*Whispers*). That's not a service call.

WATKINS: Right. Got them, sir. Now the message.

Convinced of Watkins' treachery, they approach him stealthily, gag him and heave him out of the window, which fronts on a high precipice. Crespin dashes to the instrument and feverishly starts to transmit. While he is at work the Raja returns, forcing open the door. He whips out a revolver and fires at Crespin, who falls dead over the instrument.

The next day everything is ready for the sacrifice of the two remaining victims. Lucilla and Dr. Traherne are brought to the temple for the ceremony. Standing on the edge of the Unknown they avow the love that has sprung up between them. The Raja intimates that the Doctor is to be tortured before he is put to death, and renews his offer to Lucilla, who agrees to remain if the Doctor is spared, but refuses to have her children brought to her.

LUCILLA: Never—never—never! I will make no bargain that involves my children.

RAJA: You see! You will give me no hostages for the fulfillment of your bond. But a pledge of your good faith I must have. For without a pledge, Madame, I don't believe in it one little bit.

LUCILLA: What pledge?

RAJA: Only one is left—Dr. Traherne, himself. I may—though it will strain my power to the uttermost—save his life, while keeping him in prison. Then, when you have fulfilled your bond—fulfilled it to the uttermost, mark you—when you have borne me a child—I will let him go free. But the moment you attempt to evade your pledge, by death or escape, I will hand him over to the priests to work their will with; and I will put no restraint upon their savage instincts. Choose, my dear lady, choose!

As he is waiting for her answer, a faint whirring sound is heard, gradually increasing in intensity Lucilla springs up with a shriek.

The British Flying Corps, summoned by Major Crespin, has arrived in nick of time to effect a rescue.

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

The Criterion Male Quartet, so deservedly esteemed by devotees of quartet singing, comes forward with a double faced record containing "Still, Still With Thee," and "The Son of God Goes Forth to War." Both appealing examples of sacred music and sung with an exactness of phrasing and textual understanding that is admirable and, as especially appropriate to joyous July, they offer a spirited rendition of "Dixie" on the same disc with the Collegiate Choir's convincing singing of "America."

An Important Announcement Concerning Our AMATEUR STAGE Department

IN order to broaden the educational aspects of the department devoted to amateur dramatics in the universities, schools, clubs and communities, a series of constructive and informative articles by men and women representative in the field of non-professional drama, will be published each month, beginning with the November issue.

Following are the subjects to be covered, announcement of contributors to be made later—

Pageantry
Folk Plays
The Greek Play
Community Drama
The Outdoor Theatre
The Children's Theatre
The Church and the Drama
Your Theatre, Its Construction and Equipment

Information concerning Drama courses in the colleges and schools, as well as photographs and articles outlining the dramatic activities of educational institutions, communities and clubs will be welcomed by the Editor, The Amateur Stage Department, Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th Street, New York.

To be assured of receiving each issue, leave your order with your newsdealer, or better, subscribe.

The French Stage

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The Blind Act in An Amateur Play

ONE of the most unusual dramatic classes in New York City is held up at the Lighthouse on East 59th Street. The actors are all blind girls and you might watch them for an hour or two without feeling that there was anything abnormal about them. Their gestures are a little different from those of the average actress, a little more restrained, perhaps—and their voices are softer. In fact, the first thing you notice about them is their voices—the delicate modulation and the unusual timbre.

There is nothing like acting to develop and bring out the personality. The blind are cramped and restrained from birth. They never make any gestures, because they are subconsciously afraid of striking something with their hands. They have no conception of the average person's emotional reactions. They do not clap their hands when they are happy, nor jump up and down as the normal child does. They merely smile and show it in the voice. The whole object of an actor is to visualize somebody else and, for the time being, to be somebody else. These children, never having seen anyone else, their only concept of a human being is in the sense of touch or in the sound of a voice. Personality, as we see it, is something utterly beyond them.

SO a beginning was made by reading them fairy stories and encouraging them to discuss them; whether the characters were life-like, and what would you do if you were carried off by a dragon! It was the first time their imaginations had been called into play and it cultivated in them a whole new field of thought. There was no attempt to teach them in the regular way. They were permitted to walk about at will with no reference to positions or exits or entrances, the idea being to encourage them to be natural. They have little signs which the audience does not notice—a knob of the door, or a peg in the floor by which they tell just where to go and come. And they are so deft about it that the audience would not realize, unless they knew, that the actors could not see.

"One thing that makes it particularly hard for a teacher of the blind is that, due to the mistaken devotion of their mothers, blind children are much more helpless than the average child. They have never been taught to move about and be independent, and all attention has been concentrated upon them. For this reason acting is doubly useful because it brings them out of themselves and teaches them to be temporarily someone else.

NEARLY a play a week is given at the Lighthouse and those who have accredited themselves with particular honors are Mary Birrman, Hazel Crossley and Viola Brightson. Hazel Crossley is a regular student at Hunter College and the others are students at Wadleigh High School which gives a special course of instruction for the blind. Miss Alma Guy's work among her blind students is, perhaps, the newest step in this movement.

The Committee for Lighthouses for the Blind has been organized under Miss Winifred Holt's direction to put the education of the blind on a permanent footing in this country, in France and in Italy. Two million dollars is asked from the friends of the blind, for this purpose. President Harding gives the appeal his direct patronage. He will serve as honorary chairman of the campaign; Franklin D. Roosevelt is chairman; Andrew E. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, is honorary treasurer; Lewis L. Clarke, president of the American Exchange National Bank of New York City, is treasurer. Checks may be sent to the treasurer at the Lighthouse, 111 East 59th Street, New York City.

Members of the New York Lighthouse for the Blind, who recently appeared in an amateur play

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How METROPOLITAN Chooses Its Fiction

SOME one referred to METROPOLITAN'S stories as "real life fiction." We like that description. It describes best our aims. Through fine fiction and a strong purpose in national politics METROPOLITAN has endeavored to attract the largest possible number of intelligent readers. We believe this policy makes the firmest basis for a general magazine. We believe almost as great an influence can be exerted by our fiction as by our authoritative articles.

Fiction's Purpose

Good fiction ought to do two things—it ought to entertain, *also* it ought to contain a contribution to life that will stay with you after you have laid the magazine aside. To change human lives by telling a story is sometimes easier than by preaching a sermon.

We seldom get out of ourselves and see ourselves as we are. But fiction which is "living at the expense of others" shows us others' lives—and we make comparisons with our own and see ourselves as we are.

Famous Contributors

There is hardly a great writer in the world who has not appeared in the METROPOLITAN. Kipling, Galsworthy, Maurice Hewlett, Joseph Conrad, John Masefield, Sir Gilbert Parker, Richard Harding Davis, Gouverneur Morris, Larry Evans, Compton MacKenzie, Henry Kitchell Webster, Rupert Hughes and Booth Tarkington are only a few of the names which make our list of contributors read like the Hall of Fame.

In dealing with each one of these contributors our policy has been to ask from them the sincerest and most human work; no sex stuff, no jazz novels; none of the tommyrot about high life, the wicked vices of the rich and the saintly virtues of the poor, which can be dished up in such a way as to sell magazines very easily, has found its way into the METROPOLITAN.

We never asked our writers to produce that sort of fiction. If you don't ask them, or to put it more explicitly, if you don't contract with them for so much a word to write that kind of twaddle, then they don't do it, because certainly none of them want to.

The Helping Hand

It is also a part of our history that we have held out a very helping hand to young and unknown writers. Some of the best things we print come from unknown writers. We don't believe in the contract system, we don't believe in tying up a writer for so many stories or so many novels a year. We take our fiction where we find it because we believe in it, not because we have ordered it and have got to pay for it and publish it whether we like it or not.

How to Get It

The August issue of METROPOLITAN is always the big fiction magazine of Summer. Vacation time is the time for concentrated enjoyment. We believe the ten big fiction features in August METROPOLITAN will give you the maximum of live, entertaining, worth-while fiction. 25 cents per copy at your newsstand. $3.00 per year.

Metropolitan

H. J. Whigham, Publisher

432 Fourth Ave. *New York City*

ADVERTISING INVADES AMATEUR STAGE

(*Continued from page* 111)

the flames of the potter's kiln, where he had thrown it in a moment of despair.

Wright Ontyme, true to his name, in the last act, is transported by Imagination, 100 years ahead to 2021, where he finds women the dominating power in business, the men reduced to the rôles of nursemaids, clerks and "stenogs," wearing effeminized trouserettes of delicate pastel shades, while the women strut about with lordly air, in Abercrombie and Fitch sport clothes. Wright Ontyme, analyzing the situation decides that the woeful condition of subjection in which he finds the male sex of 2021 is due to their having lost Romance, an idea he proceeds to "sell" to them so vigorously that before the final curtain the men are restored to their former high places in society and the women, returned to frills and furbelows—and Romance!

All of which goes to prove the power of advertising, and the versatility of the N. W. Ayer advertising experts, as playwrights. The five acts of the play were respectively the work of P. F. Stacey, Doug. Meldrum, E. M. Powell, C. L. Whittier (who also played the part of Wright Ontyme), and C. L. Jordan. The music was written by Howard H. Hoyt, formerly an N. W. Ayer man, and now president of the Howard H. Hoyt Candy Company of Philadelphia. "Romance" and "Love's Garden of Roses," two numbers enthusiastically received by the audience, were the sort of melodies that linger in one's memory, and are apt to be heard from again in the theatres and amusement houses of Philadelphia.

The chorus, young women of the Ayer organization, was coached by Miss Margie Bell, formerly a member of the Ziegfeld and Fred Stone Companies. They danced and sang with almost professional ease and sureness, to the very evident delight and gratification of their friends, the audience.

TO single out individuals for special mention would be an injustice to the others in the cast—they were all "amateurs" in the literal sense of the word, because they very evidently did the thing for the joy of it—and they did it remarkably well.

We hope N. W. Ayer and Son will not forget us when invitations are being sent out for their play next year!

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE

(*Continued from page* 110)

and made under the direction of Mr. James. He was experimenting with masks at the time when Mr. Benda's were first presented to the public, and through the success of these he was much encouraged to go on. His masks are constructed on a somewhat different principle, a cast being first made of them on which the mask is then moulded in wet paper, and afterwards painted. It is surprising how many varied expressions can be put into these while the actor is wearing them, by turning the head so that the light will strike the eyes in different ways. Mr. James believes that the use of masks is of enormous benefit in the training of actors, for when deprived of their power of facial expression they are forced to learn to be expressive with their bodies.

THE TRAGIC MASK

(*Concluded from page* 104)

progress. Even the last great and terrible war appears to have been but a forerunner of a brighter and better era. All great and successful men and women have tasted sorrow, misery, grief, or deprivation. This is particularly true of all great artists.

"The sad experiences of my life have helped me—have caused me to probe life for a deeper, richer, and more satisfying meaning. My work in tragedy does not cast a pall of sadness over me. Each one of my rôles is a separate ascension. They help me to rise up and above the sordid and commonplace things in life. I actually experience a sense of exaltation, of spiritual uplift.

Back to the subject of tragedians. Is a man pre-destined to interpret tragedy? What sort of a little boy is a tragedian before he grows up?

"I don't know that I was different from other little boys. I played around the Brooklyn streets like all the other little tikes. I liked marbles, I got in scraps with the boys I played with; undoubtedly I played hookey from school. I was a bit more quiet than other lads, perhaps. I know that I was impressionable, and that grown-ups considered me enigmatical.

"A tragedian is not necessarily a sad-eyed and sad-browed man, but he certainly does not lean toward frivolity. Living to him means something more profound than mere eating, dancing, and gay times. He is a thinker, sometimes perhaps, a little introspective, but scarcely ever really melancholy. He has an aptitude for getting at the root of things, tracing everything to its source."

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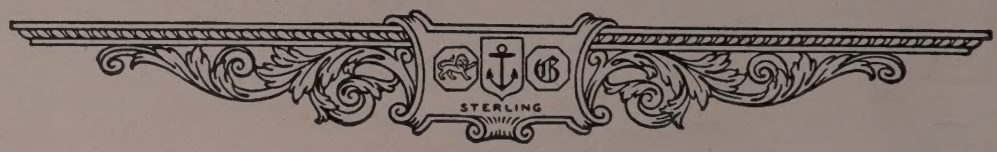

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